

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

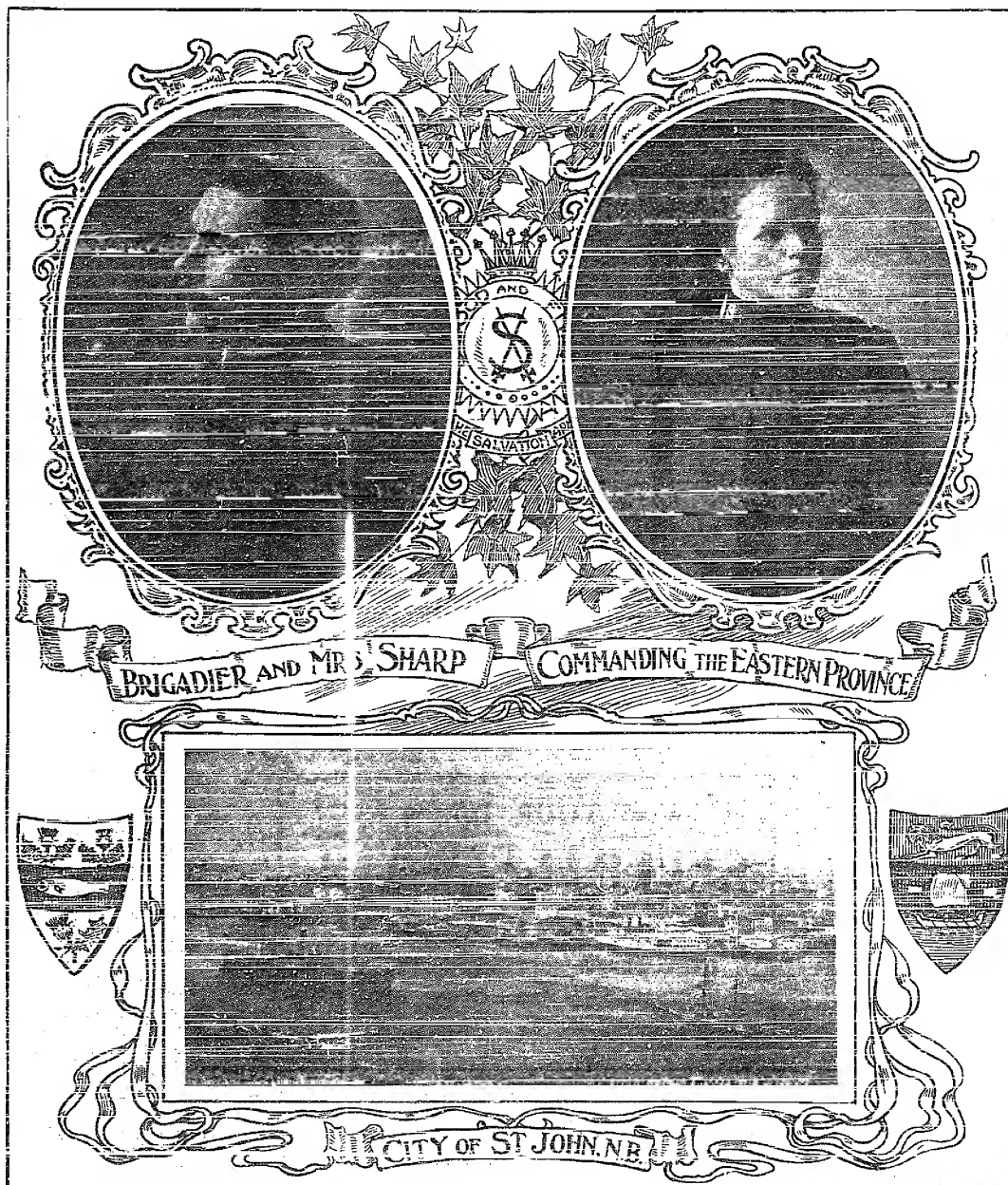
19th Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



to the
York,
Recep-

Past,
in the

in the

in the

DECEMBER
1902

Friends:
to any part of the globe,
at, orphaned women and
children. Contributions
sent, Toronto, and such
cases should be sent, if
possible, to the
Commissioner (if they are
sent abroad).

tion.)
MR. 39 years of
light hair, fair
came to Can-
ada years ago.
years ago at West

MR. D., who left
a mine, seven
British Colum-
bia was in Green-
land a spell of
been seen in
been heard of for
her anxious.

ortion.)
MS. ANDONIA,
German by
birth. Widow
79 years of age,
5 feet 4 inches
in height, dark
hair, turning
gray, brown
eyes. Formerly
lived in the
Pool. Was last
known of in
Elmira, Ont.,
eight years ago.

AN ESTIMATE OF GENERAL BOOTH.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

GENERAL BOOTH has been one of the most fortunate of men, and fortunate most of all in his enemies. As John Bright once said to him, "The men who persecute you would have persecuted the apostles." Without the constant advertisement supplied by the malice of his opponents he would never have achieved one tithe of his present success. Count Tolstoi, in a very remarkable passage on Christ's Christianity, points out that so far from resenting the infliction of death and imprisonment for conscience' sake, Christians should welcome these afflictions; for it is only by displaying unflinching readiness to face death and bonds for your religion that you can ever get an opportunity of convincing the ordinary man that there is any truth in it.

Much as the Salvation Army has been helped by its friends, it would have been at a comparative standstill but for its enemies. They have enabled it to pose as the champion of liberty of speech and of liberty of religion; they have furnished it with a noble company of officers whose universality has been the fall, and who have been tempered in the furnace of tribulation before they have been called to the ministry of love for the salvation of the lost. And let it never be forgotten that all these attacks from the outside have been of incalculable service to the organization. The greatest danger which menaces them to-day is the possibility of their becoming so respectable that they will no longer be exposed to the biting blasts of ridicule and denunciation, which, like King'sley's "Wor-easter," has made them the men they are.

General Booth is most fortunate also in the possession of

A Keen Sense of Humor.

This gift comes as a revelation to most of those who hear him for the first time. But he has the saving gift of humor well under control, and it stands him in good stead. Homely and plain-spoken, there is in him a good deal of the same fibre that there was in Abraham Lincoln. Both were tall, spare men, who loved a joke, and who yet were called of God to stand in the breach of a grave crisis, which was assuredly no laughing matter. The Northern armies fought none the less heroically because of old Abe's jokes, and the Salvationists are none the less strenuous in the saving of souls because their General clenches his argument with a humorous sally which sets the audience in a roar. The picture which he drew at St. James' Hall, of the priest and the Levite nowadays, who were no longer content to pass by on the other side, but who would insist on punching the head of the amusing as it was literally correct; but General Booth is probably the only public speaker who would have ventured upon it in the course of a speech full of pathetic appeals to the higher emotions. In this quality of his nature General Booth resembles Shakespeare, whose grave-digger's jests in the midst of the exalted sentiments of Hamlet so scandalized the French critics.

It you were to ask General Booth what he regarded as the secret of his strange success, he would tell you that it was because he was

A Man of One Idea.

From first to last he has been dominated by one central thought, which has possessed him by a consuming passion. That one idea has been a passionate yearning love for his fellow-men. From his boyhood in Nottingham he has always been full of sympathy for the sufferings and the miseries of men and women. His heart has gone out to them, and his whole soul has been pre-occupied with the one question, "How can I best do something for them? How can I help them? How can I best bring some light and warmth and love and joy into these darkened, cold, and miserable hearts?" That was the work that he felt called to perform, and that sacred passion, that irresistible enthusiasm for

humanity has been the central fire by which the whole Salvation Army has caught the glow which distinguishes it from all other denominations. Oliver Schreiner wrote to me from South Africa, "The only form of Christianity which is a living force to-day is the Salvation Army." That is a sweeping verdict, which, like most sweeping verdicts, is very unjust. But what Oliver Schreiner meant was not unjust, but most true and obvious, viz., that the Salvation Army, more than any other of the religious societies of our time, glows with the sacred passion for the welfare of men, which, to the author of "The Story of a South African Farm," is the distinctive note of true Christianity.

General Booth was the child, not of the seventeenth, but of the eighteenth century. His traditions began and ended with the story of the great spiritual awakening that is associated with the names of

Wesley and Whitfield.

He told me once, that from earliest youth he was constantly thinking of these two men. Of the two, Whitfield seemed to him much the finer character. Whitfield was a great orator—a man of magnetic presence, with a veritable inspiration as a preacher. Wherever he went his passionate appeals aroused the sleeping conscience, convicted sinners of their guilt, and caused thousands to cry aloud in the anguish of penitence and remorse, "What shall I do to be saved?" Wesley had neither the sacred passion, the inspiration, the eloquence, nor the magnetic influence of Whitfield. But this plain man possessed one thing which his more brilliantly gifted contemporary lacked. Wesley understood the importance of organization. Remember Whitfield's failure and Wesley's success? Has been the watchword of General Booth from the beginning. He has indeed remembered it. If the Salvation Army a hundred years after his death is not so vigorous and so solid an institution as the Methodist Churches, it will not be for want of organization.

General Booth has done much, but all that he has achieved is but a small thing to that which he hopes he may yet be instrumental in doing. If he is a great man who has great ideas, then General Booth is one of the greatest men of our time. He will not realize all he hopes for. For if he succeeded to the utmost of his hopes to-day, he would hope for something more to-morrow. But he has succeeded in so much that he may fully expect to succeed in a good deal more. The field is wide enough for him to do enormous things, and still ample elbow-room would be left for the rest.

Already

Boards of Guardians are Negotiating with him for the transfer of their casual wards to the Army. The Vic-

torian Government, the most democratic on the planet, votes his Rescue Homes and Prison Brigades as annual subsidies; and who knows how long, or rather, how short, a time it may be before we see his officers holding religious service in all the jails and workhouses of the land?

We can see in the alarmist predictions of the enemies of the Salvation Army that the possibilities of a world-wide extension of the new religious order are already visible to the dullest eye.

General Booth takes himself quite seriously. John Wesley's saying, "All the world's my parish," exactly expresses General Booth's conception of his field of labor. He is almost the only cosmopolitan man of our time. The Church of Rome and the Salvation Army—these are the only two organizations which operate directly and simultaneously in all the continents and among all nations. Humanity is to both of these religions a unit.

General Booth has immense aspirations, but he can hardly be said to have gigantic schemes. He did not devise the Salvation Army. It grew. So did his Social Scheme. And so will the other schemes that are to come. They are born of circumstances acted upon by the constraining pressure of love for man. General Booth does not do what he wishes to do; he does what he is driven to do.

The General did not plan out

The Conquest of the World.

Each of his successive advances was forced upon him. He could not help himself. Why did the Salvation Army go to Australia? Because a quondam drunken milkman who had been saved at Stepney emigrated to Adelaide, and sent over an urgent summons for help to start the holy war in Australia. In like manner it was a convert from Coventry who, having settled in Philadelphia, brought over the Salvation Army to the United States. But when a door is opened General Booth dare not refuse to go through it to proclaim the glad tidings of a Gospel of happiness and love.

He has hitherto had the advantage of having had no reputation to lose. While others can do nothing without considering and hearing and discussing and wondering what this, that or the other person would do or say or think, he has gone ahead and done the work that was given him to do. And who is there even among the most sceptical of his opponents can deny that it has been a great work. Apart altogether from its direct effects, General Booth's life-work has been a trumpet-call to the churches of Christendom. The forward movement among the Wesleyans and the Church Army in the British Isles are but two illustrations of the effect which he has produced outside the immediate range of his own operations. Nor is it only the churches that have felt the quickening and refining influence of his loving heart and courageous faith. The whole trend of social legislation for many a year to come will bear unmistakable signs of the influence of his great passion for the welfare of men; and when the law of civilized countries enfranchise women, it will but be attesting the change in the popular estimate of the capacities of women which has been most largely

brought about by the work of the Salvation Army.

On these grounds, if on no other, I regard General Booth as one of the greatest men of our time.

HISTORY CLASS—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XII.

Karl VI. 1711-1740. A.D. 1711-1740.

The Archduke Karl was still at Barcelona when he heard the news of his brother's death, which gave him all the hereditary possessions of the House of Hapsburg. He sailed at once for Genoa, while Prince Eugene so dealt with the Electors that they chose Karl Emperor, and he was crowned at Frankfurt, and afterwards as King of Hungary at Presburg.

But the crowns of the Empire and of Spain were not to be joined again by another Karl. The power of the Marlborough war-party was over with Queen Anne of England, and the Earl of Oxford thought it would be better to let Philip of France keep Spain, and that old Louis XIV. ought not to be pushed any further. Karl meant, however, to fight on, and sent Eugene to England to try to persuade Queen Anne to continue the war, but the Savoyard was not courtly enough to please her, and people in London were disappointed to see a little, dry, insignificant-looking elderly man instead of the hero they expected. He gained nothing by his visit but a diamond-hilted sword for himself, and the English and Dutch troops were withdrawn.

Then he tried to stir up the Germans to force Louis XIV. into giving up all that France had seized during that long reign; but, say what he would, nobody moved, and at last Karl consented to make peace. He gave up all claim to Spain, but he kept the Netherlands, which had belonged to the Spanish line every since the marriage of Philip the Handsome and Isabella the Mad, and the fortress of Breitsach, Friburg, and Kehl were restored to Germany. The island of Sardinia was also given up to him, and Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, while the claims of France of Prussia to Neuchâtel in Switzerland were acknowledged. This peace, which finished the war of the Spanish succession, is called the Peace of Utrecht, and was signed in September, 1713.

Victor Amadeus of Savoy found Sicily too far from his dukedom, so he exchanged it with the Emperor for Sardinia, and took the title of King of the last-mentioned isle. The Electors of Bavaria and Köln were pardoned and returned to their thrones, and the next year another Elector became a King, when George of Brunswick, Elector of Hanover, obtained the crown of England through the Act of Settlement, which shut out Roman Catholic heirs. It is thought to have been a misfortune to Köln to have such an Archbishop as their Elector restored, for he had no notion of the duties of his office.

His nephew, Karl Albrecht of Bavaria, and his wife, lived disgraceful lives, given up to pleasure. They were great hunters, and the day kept twelve dogs always close to her bedroom and two in it, and she not only beat her dogs, but her courtiers, with her own hand.

The Marquis of Baden, Karl, who built Karlsruhe, was another byword for gross self-indulgence; and the most respectable court among the German princes was that of Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia. He was a rough, plain, religious man, but with the taste and manner of a drill-sergeant. He cared for nothing so much as his army, and for getting a set of giants for his guards; he carried on business with his ministers and generals sitting at a table, smoking their pipes over tankards of beer. He so hated French politeness and the vices which had come in with it, that he was perfectly brutal in his manners to his wife and daughters, and greatly mistreated his clever son Friedrich, who had a passion for everything French. When the young man tried to escape with his friend, Lieutenant Katt, they were seized, and treated as deserters. Katt was shot, and Friedrich forced to stand and see his friend's death, after which he had a long imprisonment, till, when his father forgave him, he was suddenly brought out and placed behind his mother's chair while she was playing at cards.

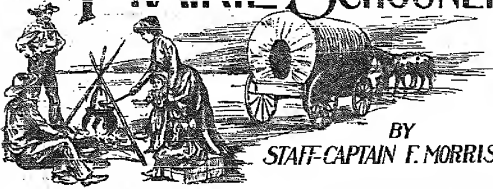
(To be continued.)

TOUR OF GENERAL BOOTH.

GRAND FORKS, N.D. FRIDAY,
the First Baptist Church, Judge Cochrane in the Chair.

WINNIPEG SATURDAY, SUNDAY,
and MONDAY, NOV. 29,
30 and DEC. 1. Saturday—Soldiers' Council at the S.A. Citadel. Sunday—The General will Preach three times in the Winnipeg Theatre. Monday—The General will speak on "The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army," in Grace Church.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER



BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

Thus it was that Silas Mulrooney came to grief. His intentions were of the very best, but did little to help him in themselves. As the train sped on mile after mile toward the great North-West, from which land strange stories of prosperity had reached them, it seemed as though their cares grew less and less, and the spark of hope which had been in their breasts when the journey was first contemplated, kindled into a flame, and Kate actually found herself radiant with hope. As for Silas, there was no limit to his ambitions as he gazed out of the car window at the widening prairies, and he imagined his wildest dreams were all but realized.

Arriving in a western city work was soon found, and although Silas did not receive the return for his labor that he had been led to expect, yet his wages were quite sufficient to make them comfortable, and they were for a time, with their two children, as happy as a family could well be with a sense of uncertainty ever present with them.

Silas had reformed—we use the word guardedly. His wife was under the impression that drink was a thing of the past, but could not help at times having misgivings as she beheld a strange expression now and again in the eyes of Silas, and though she could not be quite sure, thought she could frequently detect the fumes of strong drink upon his breath. But Kate was brave, and trusted Silas with all her heart, and continued to hope for the best.

CHAPTER IV.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

One evening, however, her husband returning from his work a little later than usual, and glancing around the drawing-room in the most strange way, Kate became so much alarmed at his demeanor as to remark:

"What can possess you to-night, Silas, dear? Are you sick? You stumble about so that I fear you are not quite yourself."

All the answer poor Kate received was:

"Oh, I'm all right, old girl; what makes you say that?"

"Only," replied forgetting Kate, "I thought you were sick, but you will soon be all right; wait until I get you a cup of tea."

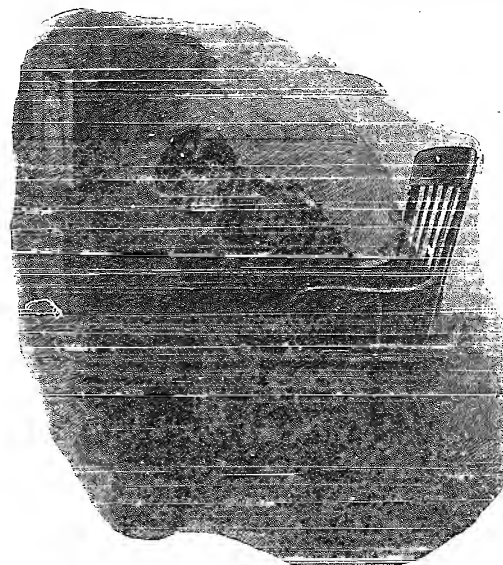
Poor Silas! as he sat there watching his wife sitting here and there, trying to make him as happy and comfortable as possible, he felt wretched in the extreme, and almost cursed the day he was born. He fixed a vacant stare on a picture of his wife which hung on the wall, taken when she was

Kate had covered quite a distance from the place in the hedge, where Silas was hiding, before he awoke from his trance. He hurried on at break-neck speed, as if drawn on by some irresistible force, and when within a few steps of Kate, the latter hearing rapid footsteps approaching, she quickly turned to behold the flushed and embarrassed face of Silas, who, however, recovered himself sufficiently to make a profound bow and say very meekly:

"I am very glad to have met you, Miss Kate, and may—(here he stopped for want of breath)—and may I see you home?"

"I don't mind if you do," said Kate shyly, and they walked and chatted along together.

If anyone had been within hearing of their voices they would have naturally said, "What nonsense!" but to Silas, at least, it seemed on that afternoon he walked on air—the sky was never so blue, the fields never so



A Dream of the Past.

but a girl of nineteen. Yes, he could see her dressed in that white muslin dress of midsummer, hurrying down to the other end of the town to do a deed of charity for a poor, lone old woman. He had followed her, and had waited outside the old thatched cottage where she dwelt, the aged widow. It seemed an age to him before Kate made her appearance, but she did come at last, and with a glad song on her lips and a lithesome step, she started for home.

green, and even the scurrying and creaking of an old waggon, groaning under a heavy load of hay, which passed them on the road, was music in his ears. He was a young man again, and he thought the fairest flower on earth was by his side. Silas could see it all as plainly as a moving panorama before his eyes. He was still dreaming when awakened by the sweet voice of Kate, telling him that supper was ready.

(To be continued.)

Trinidad's Pitch Lake.

The Colony of Trinidad had a never-failing source of revenue in the asphalt lake, a body of asphalt 108 acres in extent.

On arriving at the little town of La Brea, one is at once introduced to a new feature of Nature's supplies. Instead of stepping ashore on the ordinary terra firma, we land on a bed of pitch, washed clean by the sea. Proceeding in quest of Army business, we tramp over a continuous space of dead-like soil. There is practically no variety, only a flat surface, and everywhere is pitch, within the distance of a mile at any rate. The houses have only one foundation—pitch; trees are at a premium, and flowers there are none. Whilst not yet on the lake proper, in and around the houses we notice pits where men are busy digging, and carts are plying to and fro with the strange material.

In a short time we arrive at the extensive lake. It could not be termed otherwise, as it is verily a lake of pitch, there being no dirt or waste of any kind, and all that is required is the means to convey the asphalt to the boats in order to export the peculiar product to the streets and walks of the towns and homes of the American, Britisher, and wherever it might be taken.

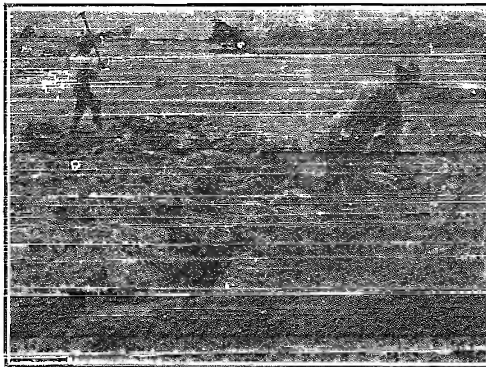
There are men at work, diggers and carriers. The men with the picks easily keep some hundred men filling the waggons and trucks, by which means it is conveyed by cable pulleys to the ships.

The spot at which these men are working has been the scene of many long days of toil, and yet, on each succeeding day, the men arrive to find the bed level with no trace of the previous day's export. The lake rights itself in the hours of the night, and notwithstanding the fact that there is daily exported 800 tons, there is no perceptible difference in the source. Even while we stand watching the operations we notice the pitch oozing, and springs of water slithering up through the cold-like pores of the asphalt, giving one to feel that he is standing over a warm place; this feeling is confirmed when our boots are unbearably hot, and the soles are being covered with the soft pitch; over head also is King Sol, giving us the full benefit of his rays. We were truly in a warm place, and standing upon a mysterious something—Pitch Lake is on the surface, but what can there be underneath? The boiling up of pitch is suggestive.

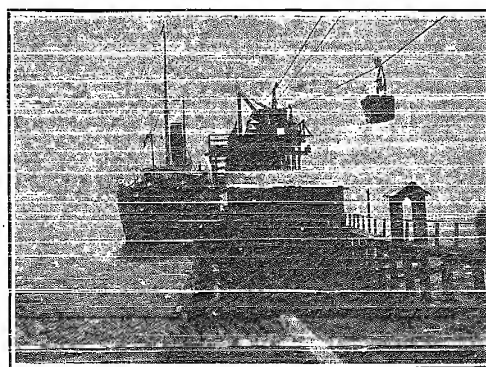
Efforts to fathom this wonderful cauldron have been utterly defeated. The pipes bored down have acted as an affront to this creature of mystery. She allows no curious enquirers. You can take and come again, but nothing beyond.

We certainly gathered a few lessons from our experience here, and to the Commissioner's talks there will be yet new and interesting additions arising from the Pitch Lake—E. G. J. Adjt.

The recording angel cannot be fooled by church reports.



The Pitch Lake of Trinidad.



Conveying the Pitch to the Boat by an Aerial Tramway.

Happenings of the Week.

Canadian Cuttings.

The Ontario Government is considering the need for further control over the construction of electric railways.

Since the establishment of a savings bank system in the public schools the deposits have slightly exceeded \$9,000.

Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto coal dealers will interview the Government in regard to the free shipment of coal over the Intercolonial granted to municipalities.

Employers of Toronto have formed a protective association to deal with labor disputes.

A reward of one hundred dollars is offered for the capture of Noah Hale, of Sault Ste. Marie.

Two local labor unions have voted \$500 and \$100 towards the fund for the striking coal miners.

The Ontario Government votes \$20,000 to continue colonization road construction in Temiskaming.

The cigarmakers' strike at Montreal has been declared off the main being beaten. About 750 men were out.

The Government has decided that the free carriage of coal on the Intercolonial for municipalities shall continue until Nov. 15th.

About a dozen business establishments at Shediac, N.B., were burned. The loss is between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

An American syndicate has secured extensive water-power privileges at Fort Frances, Rainy River.

There is difficulty in manning the manufacturing departments at the Central Prison, owing to the decreased number of inmates.

The Sturgeon Falls Pulp Company proposes a further expenditure of \$2,000,000 in plant and machinery, making the total expenditure \$3,000,000. They will stop exporting pulp and will manufacture paper for the English market.

Harvey Mitchell, dairy superintendent, who accompanied the Boer delegates on their provincial tour, has an offer from them to go to South Africa to establish and superintend cheese factories and creameries.

Rev. Mr. Barr, of London, Eng., laid before the Immigration Department a proposition to bring a specially-selected class of immigrants to settle in six townships in Northern Alberta. Some of those who intend emigrating have considerable sums of money. If the arrangement succeeds Mr. Barr will locate with the party.

Joseph Griffin, a twelve-year-old boy, of Montreal, gave up his life to save his five-year-old brother. They were playing in the rear of the New York Laundry, St. Catherine and Sturgeon Sts., when an outside elevator descended, under which the little fellow was playing. Joseph, seeing his brother's danger, rescued him, but it so doing was pinned underneath the elevator, and died soon afterwards.

U. S. Siftings.

It is estimated that 100,000 out of 600,000 school children in New York City are affected with eye diseases.

John Mosch, aged seventy, killed two and fatally wounded two others of a gang of robbers who tried to rifle the safe in the house in which he resided, near Rochester, Ohio.

An official statement at Washington announces the settlement of the miners' strike.

At a fire in Albany, N.Y., a fireman and a watchman were killed and several firemen injured.

The striking miners' convention advised to resume work.

British Briefs.

Lord Roberts has promised to try to visit the United States next year.

Lord Kitchener sailed from England to take command of the British forces in India.

The King gave a banquet at Buckingham Palace to Lord Kitchener prior to his departure to take command of the forces in India.

Lord Strathcona and Sir Frederick Darby, Governor of New South Wales, have been appointed to the commission of inquiry into the conduct of the South African war.

The British Parliament reassembled on Oct. 16th.

Important discoveries of petroleum have been made in the Wakkerstroom district of the Transvaal. The prospectors found an oil-bearing area many miles square, and state that the oil is equal to the best standards produced in Scotland. Development operations are proceeding in charge of a syndicate.

News has reached England from Somaliland admitted to be of a serious description. Colonel Swayne is now retreating from Mudug, in the hinterland of British Somaliland, to Bobote, 150 miles distant. Presumably he must then fall back to Barao, the chief British frontier post, 20 or 100 miles away. Barao is 90 miles from Berbera, on the coast. The Mullah must have about 15,000 to 20,000 men, of whom about 20 per cent. have rifles.

Rear-Admiral Chas. Beresford, now in the United States has been promoted to the rank of vice-admiral. Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour has become His Majesty's principal naval aide-de-camp.

It is reported that Premier Bond, of Newfoundland, has succeeded in concluding a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

During an exciting scene in the British Parliament, Premier Balfour moved the suspension of John O'Donnell, and the latter crossed the floor, stood in front of Mr. Balfour, shouted defiance, and shook his fist in the Premier's face. Mr. O'Donnell was suspended by a vote of 341 to 51.

International Items.

Twenty-two villages in Macedonia are in complete revolt, and half a battalion of Turkish troops has been annihilated by insurgents in the Krakra Delle. The news estimates from sources who have intimate knowledge of the situation consequently appears suddenly to have grown worse.

The Boer Generals, Botha, DeWet, and Delarey, were welcomed at Paris, and were presented with \$15,000 collected by the Society for the Aid of Boer Children.

The American and British Pacific Cable Companies have agreed to lay a cable from Fanning Island to Honolulu, which will give connection between the two cables, and prove useful in case of a break in either line.

Brigades held up a train near Dulavang, northern Caucasus, killed the conductor and Prince Gedeonoff, who was a passenger, and robbed all others on the train.

The London Daily Express says that negotiations for a settlement of all outstanding controversies between Britain and France are making satisfactory progress.

The coal miners of Belgium threaten a general strike unless their demands for an increase of wages is complied with.

There was a slight eruption of the Soufriere Volcano, island of St. Vincent, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, and it became a full eruption at one o'clock in the morning, lasting until 4:30 a.m. It was accompanied by a fall of coarse sand. Kings-town was not damaged.

The German subscriptions for the Boer Fund totalled \$75,000.

Five persons were drowned by the collapse of a bridge at Constantinople.

The forces under President Castro are reported to have inflicted a crushing defeat on the Venezuelan insurgents.

The Swiss authorities have announced that the men who refused to serve with the militia when they were called out to quell street riots will be tried by court-martial. Hundreds of the comrades of these men declare that if there is any court-martial they will return their rifles and equipment to headquarters and will not serve in the militia again. The Federal authorities, nevertheless, persist in their determination to hold the court-martial.

Bradsky and Morin were killed at Paris while operating a flying machine.

Additional Turkish troops have been despatched to deal with the raiding Bulgarians and Macedonians bands.

Emperor William of Germany and the King of Portugal will visit King Edward on the latter's birthday, Nov. 9th.

The Hague tribunal's decision in the pious fund arbitration between Mexico and the United States orders the former to pay the latter \$43,150 yearly.

The French Government proposes to create new taxation amounting to \$41,490,000.

President Castro, of Venezuela is reported to have won a signal victory over the revolutionists.

The German Coal Miners' Association has forwarded \$1,250 to the United States striking miners.

The Turkish Government claims that the Bulgarian revolutionary bands have been completely defeated.

The financial papers announce that gold has been discovered in the Congo Free State.

Prince Herbert Bismarck has determined to enter the Reichstag again.

Prussia is determined to acquire six of the principal railroads reuniting in private hands. The first is the East Prussian Southern. The second the Marienburg-Miawka, the third the Aidam-Kobieg, the fourth the Stargard-Kuestrin, the fifth the Kiel-Flensburg, and the sixth the Breslau-Warsaw, the whole amounting to 353 miles, with \$13,250,000 capital, for which the Government has offered a somewhat larger sum.

QUOTATION FROM MAX O'RELL

In His New Book, Entitled, "Between Ourselves."

"For years the submerged ones of England seemed abandoned of God and man. Their cries of despair were uttered in vain. No one wanted to be reminded of their existence, certainly not the Anglican Church, which moves in good society, and contented itself with saying, 'One day these people may, like ourselves, enter the Kingdom of Heaven; let them be patient and wait.'"

"Then appeared a man who thought these poor wretches might have a bit of heaven in this world, and that 'yellowism' applied in strong doses might do some good. He went to them, got them out of their slums and hovels, and made them sing in the streets with the accompaniment of whistles, trombones, and big drums. Yes, that was 'yellowism,' but he was successful."

"His name is William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, who today gives every year three hundred thousand dinners for a penny, and over five hundred thousand breakfasts to the poor for a halfpenny. Had he adopted any other methods than 'yellowism' one he would have failed miserably."

We fail to praise the ceaseless ministry of the great inaccurate world around us, because its kindness is unobtrusive. Nature is always noiseless, all her greatest gifts are given in secret and we forget how truly every good and perfect gift comes from without and from above; because so pure in her changeless benevolence teaches us the sad lessons of deprivation.

If you are an uncommonly good Christian, you can prove it more easily by your good deeds than by your loud words.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOY?

GENERAL BOOTH ON THE BOY PROBLEM.

The St. John Daily Telegraph asked General Booth what he had to say regarding "the boy problem," which is of so much interest to St. John at present. Read what he said:

"A boy had better go to hell ignorant than with his head full of knowledge. Education won't save from the devil, for the most desperate of sinners have been the greatest scholars and have fallen to the lowest depths. Religion is not a thing of the head, but of the heart."

"Boys want taking hold of, and I know of no other way to get hold of them except by offering such things as will attract them. Religion has no attraction for boys, but all things done to amuse and interest them must lead up to religion. Don't force a boy to his knees before he is ready. Let him go down just when he likes—not before. One must convince them of his own disinterestedness, and the worker requires a good deal of patience and special fitness. A boy is often impressed with earthly advantages when he can't see the everlasting advantages which flow from God."

Have Much Patience.

"Human nature hardly seems to have patience enough in dealing with the boys and girls. What if they do fall back time and again? Isn't that all the more reason for the exercise of greater love and patience?"

"Create within the boys good desires. There are various ways to accomplish this with a class of boys, though 50 per cent. may be worse than before in a month's time. Then, as a rule, they are pronounced wholly bad. Lads don't understand hypocrisy; they can't play double, and many in the homes have the letter of religion always before them, without the spirit. They see all this, and it leaves its lasting impress. Untold familiarity breeds contempt, and a boy who in this way has become familiar with the great doctrines is handicapped."

"If a man goes into a meeting and has religion thrust red-hot down his throat, he comes out bating it worse than when he went in. Unless there is something done to attract and amuse the man he never goes back—why should he?"

Must Have Excitement.

"The world is full of excitement, and the poor, toiling, struggling masses, with their aching, weary hearts, will not go to a place unless there is something to soothe and make life more endurable."

"People must have excitement. If they don't get it one way they will get it another, and yet they are damned if they get it in religion!"

"Man doesn't live by bread alone, he must have something to entertain his mind, to amuse and gratify, and if you won't give it to him in religion, then he must have it somewhere else."

"The boy question is a difficult problem. I was talking this matter over with my son just before I left, and we decided the only way to effectively handle this question was to get hold of the newsboys, which number some 7,000 or 8,000 in London, and get them to allow us to become their bankers, and in this manner help them along and keep them out of the streets."

"There seems at present to be an epidemic in that direction throughout the civilized world. Juvenile criminality is increasing in Paris and London and the other large cities of the Old Country. Gangs of young boys, varying in age from 12 to 20, prowl about the streets and commit all manner of offences, so terrifying ordinary people that they are afraid to be out after any late hour of the night, and by them some dreadful things have been done."

"To effect a reform in this direction we have held meetings which have been nicknamed 'Hooliganes' and our efforts through these meetings have been met with some success. We simply invite the youths to these meetings, which are held at or about 11 o'clock at night. Coffee is served, and everything done to make them attractive."

Our Soldiers' Page.

Daily Readings

"The discretion of a man defereth his anger; and it is his SUNDAY. glory to pass over a transgression."—Prov. xix. 11.

Forgiving injuries. Sir Matthew Hale, the celebrated judge, had so completely gained the government of his passions that, though naturally of a quick temper, he was never seen in a passion, nor did he ever resent injuries. One day a person who had done him a great injury came to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate, which he very readily gave him, but would accept no fee for it. When he was asked how he could behave so kindly to a man who had wronged him so much, his answer was, "I thank God that I have learned to forgive and forget."

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that his brethren talked with him."—Gen. xiv. 15.

Our readers will do well to read the whole chapter. Brotherly love. In a village churchyard, in Staffordshire, the following epitaph may be seen. It is there applied to a husband, but by altering the word "husband" to "brother" it may be singularly appropriate to Joseph, for surely he is worthy of the praise implied in the description of a most admirable character.

"He was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think what a 'brother' should be. He was that."

Joseph, as a lad, helped his brothers; as a prince, he pardoned them; as a man he wept with them over their dead father. Another example of brotherly love is Cato. When he was asked who was his best friend, he answered, "My brother." "And next to him?" "My brother." "And who after that?" "Still my brother." Yet there is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Who is He?

"And that servant, who knew his Lord's will, and prepared himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."—Luke xii. 47.

Rev. F. R. Meyer, speaking of the things which go to make a great life, said, "Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile and approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still, gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to have chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few flowers and willow flowers, of now and then a Christy sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life."

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our WEDNESDAY. faith."—Luke xvii. 5.

Sister Thompson, of South Africa, had been sick for weeks, and had taken a "dose of medicine," and Christians had visited and prayed with her, but she says, "the prayer of faith that brought the healing power to

my body, and a blessing to my soul was offered up by a converted coolie, who seemed to take hold of God in a remarkable manner." Not only was she healed then and there, but her servant, who was sleeping at the bedside, awoke crying for salvation, and got converted a little afterwards. Lord, increase our faith!

"For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all that call upon Thee."—Ps. lxxvi. 5.

THURSDAY. "O Lord, if You see anyone hiding behind anyone else in this crowded meeting, may they rush from their hiding-place, crying for mercy." The prayer was hardly uttered by the officer, before a lady who was really hiding behind a big man at the back, pushed her way through the crowded aisle, and threw herself at the penitent form crying, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" She got converted that night, and has often publicly testified to the fact.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as FRIDAY. a cloud, thy sins."—Isa. xlii. 22.

The meeting had hardly started at Sealwood, South Africa, in fact while the first hymn was being sung, she volunteered and

came boldly out to the penitent form, where she quickly found salvation, before our soldiers had all testified. So she stood up and said, "I have often attended Army meetings, and have sometimes wondered why others have got converted, and not me. But last night I dreamt I saw the Saviour, and I asked Him about it. 'Why did you not come to the penitent form and show yourself to Me?' He asked, adding, 'then I would have blotted out your sins.' So to-night I came, and He has done it, glory be to His name! Now I mean to tell others how to come to Christ."

"And He said unto them, Why are ye fearful of me, ye of little SATURDAY. faith."—Mark iv. 40.

"Since it is reasonable," says Dean Swift, "to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things." As a matter of fact, we all believe many things which we would not and could not demonstrate. A man may have perfect faith in the truth of his wife or of his friend; he may be most wise in not listening to a question on the matter, yet other people have been deceived in such confidence, and he would be unable to give any logical proof that it was impossible for himself to make a mistake such as theirs.

with the words, "It is too beautiful," on his lips, his spirit took its flight to its heavenly home. Thus he died, a martyr for God! Perhaps the most difficult part of our work here, especially in Paris, was the selling of



Even our Girls were Brutally Treated by the Gendarmes.

the "En Avant!" Selling in the cafes and on the streets, our officers and soldiers were stoned, arrested, imprisoned, and persecuted in every possible way, yet God blessed this work, and it is carried on to-day with great success.

It was in the autumn of 1882 that our little illustrated "En Avant" was at length launched, after desperate struggles with the language. It at once became a great help to the work, and has been used of God for many definite cases of conversion. We soon had subscribers in all parts of France, and also in Switzerland, Belgium, and among scattered groups of French-speaking emigrants in distant lands. As many as 1,500 copies have been sold in one week in the streets of Paris, with this feature that a Frenchman will ever read better what he pays for than what he gets for nothing. He feels a sort of duty to himself to get the value for his money. So the sceptic is sure to read, even if only to get a laugh, and thus the truth can penetrate his heart and arouse his conscience. Even torn or soiled fragments of the paper have gone on doing their work.

On the first "Fete des Morts" (Fete of the dead) after the appearance of "En Avant" we issued a number especially prepared for the occasion. Fifteen hundred copies were sold in one afternoon among the crowds who streamed into the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise to visit the tombs of their relatives.

In Switzerland the fight was terrible. Our officers went about with their lives in their hands. Expelled English officers crossed the frontier at night or in disguise, and held meetings on this forbidden soil so far without being caught, though the police on one occasion just arrived in hot haste as the birds had flown.

No book can truly tell the story of this year, the struggles all along our lines, the inner victory gained, of which the outer was but a result. But the fight was being successfully waged, and the foundation was laid for the grand work we have there to-day.

(To be continued.)

SELF-RESTRAINT.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; whilst others, if any be much less gifted, make their way easily and steadily, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

When good comes to anyone, rejoice.

The largest congregation and the greatest outward success are vain if our faith does not take in the "mercy seat" and the covering of God's promise and law.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

A GLANCE AT ARMY WORK AROUND THE WORLD IN 1888.

"It is not in the power of language, spoken or written, to convey to the minds of our readers any adequate idea of the terrible persecutions and sufferings borne by our noble comrades in France and Switzerland, which were, perhaps, the most difficult fields of Salvation warfare. In spite of it all, "En Avant!" was their motto, and forward, step by step, they advanced. Even when the Goliaths of infidelity stride across the track, and when the fiery furnace of persecution was heated to the highest pitch before their very eyes, and when Government decrees put a dungeon penalty on every prayer meeting, and every effort to save the lost, though oppressed by policemen and

Blood-Thirsty Monks, and though expulsion and exile sought to shut out the message of salvation from cities and people, God gave them the victory and helped them to march "En Avant!" Wherever the Army methods have been brought to bear upon the kingdoms of darkness, God has honored them with success. Detailed accounts of these five years of warfare, of expulsions, imprison-

ments, assaults, of Government and hand-to-hand persecutions would fill a volume, yet our story would not be complete without some further reference to the early struggles. We will, therefore, briefly review one year's war, in order to keep us in touch with the world-wide Salvation Army at this period of its history. Scarcely had the New Year (1888) dawned upon the face of time than Louis Jeannon fell a martyr for God. At the door of that Quai Valmy Hall, in Paris, where many a fierce struggle took place, as he was keeping the door, a French ruffian rushed at him head first, and inflicted a death-blow near the heart. Two or three days of intense suffering followed, but without a murmur he bore it all, and passed on to the front to be with Jesus. How blessedly and triumphantly he died! As his comrades gathered around him and sang, "heath the suppressed sobbs,"

"Radieux Sejour, Radieux Sejour,
Ou les anges vont me porter en jour"
("Radiant Home, Radiant Home,
Where the angels will carry me one day").



The Police Persecutions in Switzerland.

Our Work

THE establishment of the Salvation Army in Paris, 1881. Its field of work, Rue Oberkampf, in the Communist quarter of the city.

What terrible fighting and infidelity the hero who were the first to plant the Army flag in France!—alone, without support, knowing the language of the people.

Nothing would give a of the fighting in the early following lines which were blotted at that time:

"What tumultuous scene our remembrance. In the meeting the crowd burst shouts of 'We don't want We have been deceived in Jesus Christ!'"

"Ah! I you about that do not know Him, reply lists."

"Yes, you have been we know it, that is, we come here to bring you

"Truth! There is no ligion is a stupid affair. here! None of that he

"How we praised God

diers have never return blow, or insult for insult they have been struck, wounded by all manner thrown at them."

Such Truly Heroic

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Our World-Wide Warfare.

FRANCE.

THE establishment of the Salvation Army in Paris dates from 1881. Its field of action was in Rue Oberkampf, in the populous and Communist quarter of the Temple.

What terrible fighting against sin and infidelity the heroic young girls, who were the first to plant the Salvation Army flag in France, had to undergo—alone, without support, scarcely knowing the language.

Nothing would give a better idea of the fighting in the early days than the following lines which we took from a number of the *En Avant* published at that time:

"What tumultuous scenes come to our remembrance. In the middle of the meeting the crowd breaks out into shouts of 'We don't want any religion! We have been deceived! Down with Jesus Christ!'"

"Ah! you shout that because you do not know Him," reply the Salvationists. "Yes, you have been deceived; we know it; that is why we have come here to bring you the truth."

"Truth! There is no truth! Religion is a stupid affair. None of that here! None of that here!"

"How we praised God that our soldiers have never returned blown or lashed for insult, even when they have been struck, insulted, or wounded by all manner of things thrown at them."

Such Truly Heroic Fights

were not without results. Drunkards became sober men, model fathers of families, and hard workers. Anarchists gave themselves up body and soul to the service of Jesus; debauched men gave up dissipation and vice.

A corps was opened, then a second one. From Paris the work spread to the Provinces, and little by little the French Salvation Army was formed, raising up its own officers and partially meeting the expenses of the work.

Today the National Headquarters is established in the heart of Paris, at No. 3 Rue Auber, and our banner of hope and salvation floats in the large towns of France and in many of the country villages. Various works for the social uplifting of the outcast classes have been commenced.

The Salvation Army has taken its place amongst the associations legally recognized in France, by registering its Statutes at the Prefecture of Police in conformity with the Law of Associations.

The Present Leader

of the Salvation Army in France is Commissioner G. S. Ruliton, one of the pioneer officers of the Salvation Army.

But what are some dozens of halls and these few Social Institutions in comparison with the need of the hour?

What is even the admirable work of the churches of various faiths? Work of all kinds? The generous movements which have raised here and there in France lighthouses of salvation?

What is it in the face of the 500,000 drinking shops, where our French people ruin themselves, body and soul? What is it before the countless places of debauchery, where our youth goes down to the "dwellings of death"?

What is it before the depths of misery, poverty, and despair?

Set the World on Fire.

When our Lord Jesus Christ left the earth, after a ministry filled with miracles and wonderful works, He only left behind Him eleven apostles and a few feeble women, amongst whom there were some "little ones," these weak ones according to the world, yet out filled with love and baptized by the Holy Spirit.

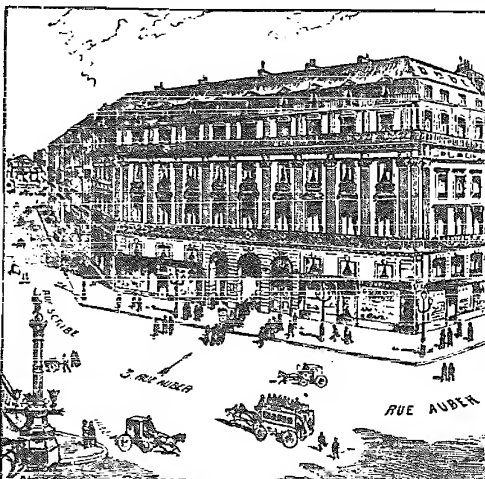
What did they do? They set the world on fire. They converted from its foundations the heathenism which was in power to such an extent that in the second century Tertullian wrote:

"The number of Christians has so greatly increased, that people have risen up against us. The country, the castles, the islands, are filled with

Christians; persons of all ages, both sexes, and all classes of society, even those of the first rank, hasten to enrol themselves amongst them."

What God has done once, can He not do again? Come and enrol yourself in our holy crusade, under the cross and the flag!

To many a stranger visiting this country, it is quite a surprise to encounter, perhaps on some great thoroughfare, or amongst the tables of some large cafe, an officer of the Salvation Army offering its weekly paper for sale.



The Headquarters of the Salvation Army in France, 3 Rue Auber, Paris.

The Army has so generally been regarded as an "English institution" that it is a common experience in such cases for the officers to be saluted with an "On, es," or expression in English. But, though introduced into this country from England, the work has been so successful in reproducing itself, that there is

No Longer an English Officer

laboring in any French corps.

In the largest cities, as well as in Paris, and in many country districts, the Army's work is being done exactly as in England and America, but by means of those who have been brought to give themselves to God in its French meetings. Such meetings have often been much smaller than the English ones, owing chiefly to the want of means to hire large buildings; but it matters not whether fifty or five hundred people sing our songs and hear our testimonies as to the power of Christ to save, renew, or preserve those who trust in Him. The old story tells wherever it is heard from witnesses who live in the top of it, and, alas! there are amidst all the large populations of to-day only too many without hope in the world, who need to hear the old message of love Divine.

The following description of one of our meetings was written recently

By a Newspaper Correspondent, who shows plainly enough his own want of spiritual union with us, as so characteristic of what may be seen and heard amongst us in any of our halls that we prefer it as a testimony both to the nature of our work and its results over anything we could ourselves recount.

"The meeting had already begun when I entered. The Army was at its best.

"On the platform was an old man with white hair and beard. Mixed up in the hall were Salvation soldiers and profane persons. Beside me sat a big man—probably a tradesman of the neighborhood—with his wife and grown-up daughters. Further on were

a group of young people, evidently come for a bit of fun, some work-girls of the Rue de la Paix who had promised themselves a pleasant evening, some wondering sight-seers, and even some 'demi-mondaines.'

"Upon my faith, all these people seem very attentive!"

"A salvationist rises on the platform and says: 'My friends and brothers, let us begin by offering this evening's meeting to God. May He bless it, and may it bring some penitent to Him—to Jesus.'

"Before he had finished a very tall and thin man rises. He is a leader in the Army. With a powerful voice he cries:

"Let us sing, my brothers; let us sing, let us celebrate the glory of Jesus," and at once everybody begins, to an attractive air, a hymn of joy.

I was: I returned here several times, and one evening, after weeping, I came here, rose and confessed my sins, and promised henceforth to consecrate myself to God. And I felt how greatly I was changed. Oh, now I live—now I am happy. If anybody does not believe it, they have only to look at me. I bless Thee, O Saviour!"

"The testimonies continue—and then the old man who presides, after delivering an address, prays. All the Salvationists are kneeling, some with hands joined, others looking up to heaven, others bowed down to the ground, and one hears on every side, 'Yes, Thou canst. Do it, Jesus, in response to the leader that souls may be saved. Then all the audience join in a chorus.

"It is a strange sight, and whilst the last couplet is sung the staff goes about amongst the audience. Every Salvationist goes and sits by the side of a sinner, and talks to him about the Army, about his salvation, the Lord, etc."

Hand of Brotherhood.

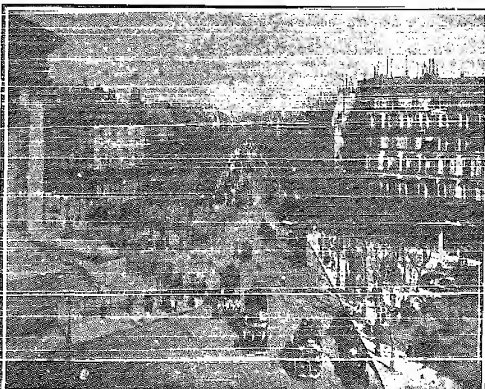
We rejoice especially in the growing realization everywhere that the Army stretches out a hand of true brotherhood towards everyone in need, no matter what that need may be; and that, slender as may be our means, we can always guarantee to all comers a personal sympathy and interest infinitely more precious than money, and which, being produced by the eternal love of God, continues year after year unchanged.

But we are compelled still to seek help from our friends to sustain this work, because most of those who in France have the means to assist are either prejudiced entirely against anything like a religious mission of this kind, or have as much as they can do to sustain such efforts connected with their own churches.

WHAT RELIGION IS.

Life comes before growth. The soldier must enlist before he can serve. In vain, direction how to keep the fire ever burning on the altar, if first it be not kindled. No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be consistent and lasting, that springs not, as its primary source, from faith in Jesus Christ. To know Christ as my Saviour—to come with all my guilt and weakness to Him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a Friend—to cast myself at His feet in whom all that is sublime in Divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness; and believing in that love stronger than death, which, for me, and such as me, drained the cup of unfulfilled sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into His hands—this is the beginning of true religion.

You may be deprived of rank and riches against your will; but not of virtue against your consent.



Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

THE GENERAL IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

St. John, N.B., Reception — One Thousand Soldiers and Officers Addressed Saturday Night — Three Crowded Meetings at the Opera House — Enthusiasm at White Heat — The Climax of Monday at the Rink — Officers' Councils Heavenly — Halifax Does Splendidly — All Previous Records of the East Left Behind.



He placed ourselves to make sure it was real. Like many a long-anticipated event, its realization seemed like a dream. For months upon the brain of the Territory has burned and now that the waiting had dwindled to moments for his again footing Canada's shores, a thrill went through the whole Dominion, and St. John, honored as the scene of his arrival, nearly lost its head.

"Indeed it'll be something more than your head you'll lose if you're not careful," exclaimed the much-tried dignity in brass buttons who sought to keep the crowd from occupying every inch of the railway track. Elbowed from left to right, his baton pushed as much as it was pushing, his was a trying position for a man of so much official and physical weight! We were sorry for him, especially when the small boy element, never absent from such occasions, egged on citizens of usually irreproachable propriety to encroach, yet further upon the prerogative of the advancing train. But when you have not seen the Army's hero and father for over four years, and who there are more than a thousand souls, and each as eager, yourself, and some blessed with bodies of much larger proportions, all pushing and panting for the same sight, it is excusable if one forgets everything in the anxiety to get and hold on to a front-rank place.

A distant whistle, then a nearer one, and the dull roar of an approaching train. The crowd waded to and fro in indescribable excitement. The band strikes up its brightest tune, and small people nearly overtopped in their eagerness to stand on tiptoe all the time. We tread on somebody's toes, but our apologies are smothered in the pain of a similar outrage committed on our own. We are amused at the struggles of a fashionable lady wedged in amid the Salvation crowd, to keep her Parisian costume in shape. But this is not the time to think of corps or costumes, for there is the train, the car, and the General.

Indescribable emotions storm our heart as the tall hat and silver head of the Army's founder appears upon the car steps. Our eyeballs burn with the heat of unvoiced tears—all that God has made the General to the world—all that he has been to us flashes into our mind in one revealing moment as we once again look upon his face, and with the flood-tide of gratitude welling up within us that it is our privilege to call this great apostle ours, mingled pride and joy for a moment held us dumb.

It was not counted a public reception. After the strenuous hours of heavy traveling, and the arduous hours ahead, a semi-private reception had been agreed upon, but with several thousand extra people flooding the city, and a large proportion of them followers of the flag, the privacy could only be maintained in name. Nearly carried off our feet by the crowd, we swept with it to the entrance after the General, who walked steadily tread. The tall figure of Commissioner Pollard—a new face to Canada, and a warmly-erected one—walked on the General's left. On the right, to the immense satisfaction of St. John, there stood the ever-welcome form of Canada's own Commissioner, and with a final volley of ringing satisfaction we watched the carriage driven off with its honored load, and turned to the discussion of baggage and reports.

Under Mr. Joseph Bullock's hospitable roof the General took up his temporary headquarters, for such, rather than billet, his places of sojourn invariably seem.

Telegrams, codes, and stenographers' paraphernalia make themselves in evidence immediately, and what scant rest and refreshment the General does permit himself are purely and only means to an end. Mr. Bullock, who is one of the oldest friends of our work in the Dominion, and whose generosity made possible the Army's spacious Maternity Hospital in St. John, greeted the General warmly, and with the genial remark, "The General is now in command here," placed everything within the household under orders.

The importunities of the press were not slow in making themselves felt.

AN HOUR OF THE PRESS. We could not urge their appeals when the General had done so much, and had so much more ahead of him, but with the humorous remark that it would scarcely be courteous to say "No" to a fair reporter, the General gave up a full hour of his crowded afternoon to the interrogations of a noted lady litterateur, who expressed herself as feeling this the most honored and privileged interview of her literary career. Extracts of this interview, which dealt chiefly with the problem of the juvenile "boodler," a species occasioning St. John considerable concern, will be found elsewhere.

"Just for your own people, I suppose," said a lady rather wistfully, as we tied on our bonnet for the soldiers' meeting a few hours later. "They are privileged to be in at the start." And so that happy crowd, resplendent in uniform, wreathed in one broad smile, set itself in the No. 1 barracks, which, packed to its utmost capacity, was to be the scene of the General's first meeting of his present campaign in the Dominion.

There is untold inspiration in a good start, and to-night's was an ideal engagement. A soldiers' council may lack the bravado of a more public opening, but there is a sense in which a fervor which first takes hold of the heart of the concern is the most inspiring and lasting enthusiasm of all. In this instance it set the pace to a quick step of onward march and victory.

But the General is here, and we hide our metaphysics and our notebook under the chair to join in the ovation which greets him. Stentorian voices from the collaterals mingle with the voices of Salvation trumpets raised in the Annapolis Valley; fishermen's throats roar "Amen!" and "God bless you!" with the breeze of briny re-

verberating from every town, while above them all sound the shrill excitement of a few Newfoundlanders who have managed to steal across for the occasion. But whatever we may have to say about the public receptions, we once and for all avow our inability to reproduce a soldiers' welcome to the General. It is too much of the soul to be transmitted into a description of cold type.

Colonel Lawley's song kept the steam up. We were glad to hear the veteran soloist again. He has lost nothing in weight or volume since the last time he voiced the sinners' needs upon a Canadian platform.

The preliminaries are brief. They are already over, and the General is on his feet, with a gesture allaying the excitement of the shout which greets him. But the ecstasy burst out again more irrepressible than ever as he tells us how glad he is to come, how he loves us, and how he has the "conviction" to think we love him, to which every heart in the building thunders an "Amen!" and a ponderous "Better than ever!" We could have listened for hours while he expatiated on the fact, had the General been so minded; but he was not, he had come with a different purpose, and that to bless, and lost no time in getting to it right away.

Those who were not in need of blessing were better elsewhere. There was a word about to-morrow, brief and to the point. Every saved man, in the General's estimation, should bring with him a sinner or backslider. "What a day that will be," he said, "when, instead of getting to reserved seats by ticket, you'll get there by bringing the greatest and wickedest scallawag you can find. We should get the right kind of people into our meetings then, and bless the bringers' hearts into the bargain. Special places would be reserved for the drunkard's ticket, the swearer's ticket, the blasphemous ticket—all the chief places at our spiritual feasts filled by them. My ticket system would be the finest in the world."

But into that meeting many a needy heart had come, and with that marvelous intuition which is a gift of the divine, the General grappled with those particular difficulties, and shed light upon the peculiar darkness which beset the way, for those who had left the ranks were included in the invitations, and many a hungry soul behind a uniformed exterior had entered, too. We forgot who and what we were to the world as the General spoke. He dragged out our hearts, and some looked with horror upon the revelation.

"Does the General mean me?" shivered a man near the back, as he

listened to the description of one who had starved his soul almost to death by neglect, and almost driven the Spirit of God from His throne there by reason of its wretched compromising with the world.

"How could he know?" sobbed a woman's breaking heart, which strove in vain to hide its emotion as the General portrayed the agonies of remorse that come upon the life which, though outwardly devoted to others, is inwardly lived for self alone.

With tender fervor the General besought his children to give their souls some thought, and forsake the folly of letting things take their own course. Ships left to themselves went to the rocks, and souls left to themselves went there too. Nor did the General plead in vain. The crowd thought, and thought with an intensity that brought to some inappreciable anguish and contrition. The half-heartedness and unrighteousness had scarcely seemed to exist when we entered the meeting—now they looked mountains of difficulty shutting out God, and burying the soul in unutterable depths of grief and humiliation.

Was there a chance to get back? asked the despairing eyes of the heart-backsliders. Yes, the General shows a way here and now, and invites every one who wants complete restoration, renewed joy, and forgiveness, to have it on the spot.

"Who will lead the way?" exclaims the General, exhausted, but earnest as ever, leaning over the platform rail, unutterable yearning in his voice. "In New York, a day or two back, a man made the first strike for salvation—who will be the first here?"

"A Salvation soldier for a clean heart," was the reply from the centre of the hall, and a burly figure of middle age walked up to the front. The outspoken decision of one unlocked the another's conviction of many. Tears and trembling lips met the fishers throughout the hall.

"O Lord, deliver me—deliver me!" pleaded the second soul in an agony of contrition. His sobe echoing above the prayers of those offering petitions on his behalf. He was a backslider, and on the verge of despair. Ere this man was on his feet with the light of a new joy breaking through the shadow of his tears, the pentecost form was crowded with seeking souls. Heart-breaking stories were told while a prayer meeting at white heat went on, and ere in a climax of holy enthusiasm the Army's doctor's form was crowned with full-voiced gratitude, twenty-nine men and women had stepped out of their Egypt into very Canaan's of liberty and delight. Some poor hearts, bewildered with the thirdeon of the devil's persuasions, carried their burden out again. But there yet remains to-morrow, and we may hear of these again.

"Let us get to business," It was the General's voice, and in the moment

SUNDAY MORNING'S MEETING OF THE IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

Despite the dismal drizzle of a dreary morning the Opera House was comfortably filled. That the elements had not dampened the high spirits on the platform was evidenced by the ringing volleys which greeted the General's incoming, and the universal air of expectation which showed itself in the crowd. Everybody seemed in good spirits, and one felt as if inclined to spend a second or two in congratulating one's neighbor on the presence of the General, and the inspiring vigor with which he had come. But it was not the intention of the General to permit us to be thus taken off—"To business" was the command, and to business we went.

That it was a serious business was evidenced by the sober words of the



Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, of St. John, N.B., Who entertained the General during his visit to the N. B. capital.

first song announced himself—an old fellow we have heard him sing through acrobatic, "Cleansing from sin." "Not quite the hymn expected," reflected a respectable person whose own church for the years to hear the General's way to every kind of soul heart renewed in ev and dead. A high General showed us as he also pointed some surprises in a

We were to have this morning. These and in our own way that we were. "We had a good night," said the crowd. "It is a not there to get being tucked away you have over by only way to pull some le to burn those ears should have a chance to the meetings."

This was the General's meeting in St. John, present campaign, hence a few words were spoken. They were brief. The General to get to dedicate souls of the people, told them, to do what forward the claims, and to worst the devil with one of his humors. They have still got a devil or form in Canada, not so intimately as I am with the devil, and I dare say for you think he is they've got over the devil's devil all, no doubt he now at up.

Some of us had inside out and upside down. The man who ligit meant a long heart had to own things about it at all who had been given profession she felt barred her from the she hankered after she had not the right at all. The indec that the troubles or not power to stamp of a joy which the world had not power lasting of a joy which article of death but life to the dawn of a—this, we realized.

Was ours of this miserable dragging the illation—the one the other toward the

"Oh, the thousand promises of God, and the forbidden things like the Children of had brought them from bondage of the vice, yet hankered after Egypt that had died Oh, this hankering the pleasures—the of this world. You know your soul and have them—unless."

The illustration of a rational force and his heart, which was outward seeming, a tender way. That was the desire, the actual doing of a declared. The man with his own counsel as he did not seek that God could not be was forestalled.

"Oh, doubting, I said the General, power of God. People, 'I cannot do this.' For my part, going about all the finding out what He is. His power is boundless on your behalf."

So they proved it. women that morning representing the h years. It was mistake

first song announced by the General himself—an old favorite of his, which we have heard him repeat to many a hungry throng across the wine Atlantic, "Cleansing for me."

"Not quite the hymn one would have expected," reflected an eminently respectable person who had left their own church for the first time in untold years to hear the General preach, "but I suppose it is the Army's way." Yes, it is the Army's way, and the Army General's way to preach to all and every kind of way the necessity of a heart renewed in every thought, word, and deed. A high standard, as the General showed us that morning, but, as he also pointed out, a not impossible one. For this lady there were some surprises in store.

We were to have a wonderful time this morning. The General said so, and in our own very bones we believed that we were.

"We had a wonderful time last night," said the General, glancing over the crowd. "It is a pity that you were not there to get blessed, instead of being tucked away in that easy chair you have over by the stove. The only way to pull some of you folks out is to burn those easy chairs, then we should have a chance of getting you to the meeting."

This was the General's first public meeting in St. John so far as the present campaign was concerned, and hence a few words of greeting must be spoken. They were, however, very brief. The General seemed impatient to get to definite dealing with the souls of the people. He had come, he told them, to do what he could to push forward the claims of Jesus Christ, and to warn the devil. "I suppose," with one of his humorous flashes, "you have still got a devil in some shape or form in Canada nowadays. I am not so intimately acquainted with him as I am with the devil on the other side, and I dare say he's not so bad (or you think he is not) as the devil there was over the border. But the devil's the devil all the same, and I've no doubt he now and then looks you up."

Some of us had our ideas turned inside out and upside down that morning. The man who believed that religion meant a long face and a heavy heart had to own that he knew nothing about it at all, and the woman who had been grieving because the profession she felt bound to make debarred her from the worldly pleasures she hankered after, discovered that she had not the right kind of thing at all. The independence of a joy that the troubles of the world have not power to slay down the joys of a joy which the temptations of a world had not power to dim, the everlasting of a joy which in the hour and article of death but sprang up in new life to the dawn of an eternal morning—this, we realized, was true religion.

Was ours of this kind, or was it a miserable dragging of duty and inclination—the cue toward God and the other toward the world?

"Oh, the thousands of people," cried the General, "who seek to live on the promises of God, and yet hanker after the forbidden things of the world! Like the Children of Israel, when God had brought them through and out from bondage of their Egyptian service, yet hankered after the onions of Egypt that had tickled their palates. Oh, this hankering after the onions—the pleasures—the companionships of this world. You know you can't save your soul and have them, but you want them—onions."

The illustration was one of exceptional force and hit more than one heart, which was irreproachably outward seeming, in a particularly tender way. That there was deliverance from this desire, as well as from the actual doing of wrong, was plainly declared. The man who was arguing with his own conscience that so long as he did not seek the sin, the wish for it God could not remove or reprove was forestalled.

"Oh, nothing, hesitating heart," said the General, "don't limit the power of God. People are always saying, 'I cannot do this,' and 'cannot do that.' For my part, I haven't been going about all these years without finding out what He can do, and I tell you His power is boundless, and boundless on your behalf."

So they proved it. Fifteen men and women that morning—some of them representing the heart-struggles of years. If we mistake not the ranks of

officership will be enriched by some conversions made then and there.

"Well, one more, and it will have to be the last." The door-keeper's usually serene countenance looked slightly rumpled, and we pushed within the very meagre aperture he granted our entrance without worrying him with questions.

Once within, the mystery was explained. The Opera House represented a state of congestion which might have given door-keepers of even greater stolidity to feel some measure of alarm. We pushed open the doors of the arena as we passed, but there was not an inch of standing-room. Then we remembered the eager crowd which had clamored at our heels up the stairs, and wondered not at our grudging admission.

Five minutes later we stood in the registration room—marked on the door "Chorus Ladies," but now bedecked with the neat paraphernalia of our penitents' after-dinner, and already sanctified by the tears and resolutions of souls newly-washed in the blood of the Lamb. The window overlooked the street, and we leaned out. The street was lined with men. "Can't you let us in?" they pleaded, and in answer to the negative reply they shouted, "Well, tell us what time to come to-night; we must wait here. Some of these were unrepentant tramps, and our hearts yearned over them. 'Just the sort that the General is after,' we murmured, but we had to comfort ourselves with the remembrance of the many frayed coat-layers that we had already noticed elbowing the dainty wristlets of wealthier folks, and hope and pray that those outside would be on time for the meeting to-night, and for salvation."

Within, the scene was one of inspiration. The flood of waving white handkerchiefs and resonant hallelujahs which greeted the General was loud and prolonged. Everybody put all they had of vigor and voice into it, down to the man at the back of the platform who either did not own or had mistook his pocket-handkerchief and waved a chair frantically instead.

But the Commissioner is at the front, song-book in hand, the head ready, and at her word a rousing opening verse is sung—sung with a will and a volume that make the Opera

House resound as it has never echoed to warbler strains. Then Commis- sioner Zolard prays. There is but a brief preliminary, and the General is again on his feet. "What has he for us this afternoon?" is the thought of all, some look forward with unalloyed pleasure to the inspiration which they know is in store; others, with darker hearts, dread the thought of the conviction which for them they know is coming. Nor are they mistaken. The General's utterances are divine. His insight into the needs of the people, his knowledge of their transgressions manifestly inspired. Strong men tremble and women shake as he shows up the hidden unrighteousness of their souls.

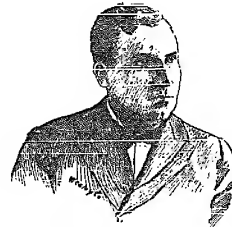
The air heated by a vapor of a sultry afternoon becomes changed into a severer intensity. The weight of spiritual conflict rests upon the crowd. The soul of the people is in travail on account of its sin. The sceptic is not forgotten—his so-called questioning covering too often unconfessed condemnation of heart appeared as it was, and there were those who made up their minds in that meeting if they did not serve God, at least they would not laugh at religion again. "How can I tell you what the peace and power of God is in the heart, or what are its workings? It cannot be expressed, but it can be felt—it can be known."

Was it because the strongholds of iniquity had received such rebuff that the forces of opposition lined up so strongly in the prayer meeting? We had a hand-to-hand conflict, and like six souls who pressed their way through were the results of an almost super-human struggle.

"O Lord, let Thy voice speak to that man in the gallery SUNDAY who is marked first for EVENING. O Lord, let Thy mercy appeal to that woman downstairs whose hours even now may be numbered."

It was the night meeting—the Opera House was jammed to the doors, which were again closed to a disappointed throng, and Colonel Lawley was praying. "Solomon words, you say—it was a solemn meeting."

The defiant joy of this opening song, given out by the Commissioner, and further emphasized by the General, laid hold of the crowd as they sang, at the General's bidding, notes that



The Hon. L. J. Tweedie,
Premier of New Brunswick.

were loud, long, and full. It was the old tune, "Will you go?"

"No," said the General, as the Commissioner's sweet voiced cantillation pleaded, "My old companions, fare you well." "As for myself, I have made my choice. I am on the road to heaven; and though the company might be the happiest and best on earth (which it is not) I will not tread the downward path to please anybody—I am going on."

Only the pen of the recording angel can keep the minutes of that meeting, or of the General's words. Before the gaze of conscience the judgment throne was erected. Men saw themselves—as they had not known they were—as God saw them. The intensity of feeling was acute—almost of pain.

Was it heavenly Röntgen rays with which the General was entrusted, as he swept aside the masks of form and creed and standing? Some faces looked almost distorted as they listened. They were looking at the distortion of their souls.

"Beware!" The General's voice was pathetic—his demeanor was such—men listened as to the foretelling of their doom. "The road you tread is terribly risky. Only one more step and you may splash on the brimstone wave." Yet the infinite tenderness of the speaker drew tears to the eyes unaccustomed to weep, and made the severity of his sterner utterances the more forcible. "Oh, backslider," he pleaded, "do not deem my words hard, God knows how my heart bleeds for you—how it yearns for you—how it hungers to lead you back."

The feeling grew electric as the General went on to portray the precarious position of the procrastinator—the man who wanted his fling, yet hesought God to wait his time. Then the bitter awakening, the shuddering dawn, when the soul woke up to its danger, turned to the neglected corner to which it had consigned its Maker—turned to find God gone, and gone for all eternity.

The eternal agony of that discovery fastened itself upon the throng. Eternal issues were at stake; we felt destinies were in the balance as the General closed.

Exhausted with the long day's efforts, as he must have been, the General kept upon his feet, stretching out his arms again and again over the people, imploring the wanderers to come home. And they came, with marks of intense conviction upon their brows.

It was an indescribable prayer meeting. For a moment we stood at the back and watched it. The hall was nearly as full as at the start; conviction was playing havoc with the people; tears and groans were manifest on every hand, while at the stage there stood the silver-haired prophet pleading for his God and the claims of the soul. Then there was the crowded mercy seat, above which blazoned the heart-searching motto, in letters of white and scarlet, "You had better settle the matter now."

We turned, a wrinkled hand was on our arm, a fearful face over which April smiles were breaking was by our side. "Oh, my dear," said a feeble voice, "if this is so grand, what must what can—heaven be like?"

And forty-one souls that night did settle it for time and eternity.

Ninety-one at the mercy seat is the record for St. John's two days, but there is yet to-night to account for, and greater things are ahead.

(Continued on page 12.)



"Grand Falls," Upper St. John River.

TERRITORIAL CORPS REPORTS.

A Great Victory.

Blenheim.—Our Harvest Festival target of \$45 was knocked out of sight. Although things looked a little difficult at first, Capt. Barner, though not very strong, put her shoulder to the wheel and collected personally the sum of \$20. Seeing the town is being canvassed in the interest of prohibition we have scored a great victory. We have been favored with a visit from our new Financial Special, Ensign White. This is an old battleground of the Ensign's, and we were pleased to see him again. The intern service was much enjoyed. We had good meetings on Sunday, and at night a poor drunkard sought deliverance.—Ina Groom.

Escape Seemed Impossible.

Doting Cove.—Things have commenced to hum again. Our comrades are getting home from the fishery, and we are having good times. Sunday was a day of blessing, and I heard the Captain say the comrades fought well. Best of all, we had the joy of nominating sinners to the Blood. The afternoon was an old-time rouser, and the night's meeting was a heart-searching time. Volley after volley was fired into the enemy's ranks, and they commenced to waver when the Captain came forward with the Sword of the Spirit. Escape seemed impossible. Five came to the fountain. At the same time six were blessedly saved at another place, thus bringing about a glorious finish to the season's fishing.—Fisher Boy.

Seeking the Lord.

Halifax I.—We are very glad to report victory in reaching our Harvest Festival target. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Howell, who conducted a united soldiers' meeting, which brought much blessing to our souls. We had also Ensign Piercy, with his lantern. Quite a few souls are seeking the Lord, and we are looking forward with great expectations to the visit of our beloved General to this city.—Treas. Cashin.

Five Prodigals Returned.

Doting Cove.—Though the weather has been rough and stormy during the past weeks, and most of the comrades were away, yet God was with us and blessed us. On Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, twelve comrades met to ask God's blessing on the day's meetings, and were not disappointed. In the night meeting the Holy Spirit worked mightily, and five prodigals came back to God. We closed up with a good Newfoundland dance.—W. A. Guy.

The Blind Violinist.

Hamilton, Ber.—On Wednesday night we had a united band festival, which proved a great success. There was a good crowd present. Ensign Sabine, Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, and many of the comrades from St. George's, helped to make the meeting a success. The lively string band from St. George's, consisting of two violins (of which Sammy Taylor, the blind musician, plays the lead), a guitar (by Mrs. Hunter), a flute, and a cornet, was much appreciated by all as they played their different selections. Capt. Prince and Redmond, and some of the comrades from Somerset, were with us. The bands rendered good music. We are pushing our Harvest Festival and expect to smash the target in places.—C. Stone.

Great Blessings.

Little Bay.—We are glad to be able to report victory. God has been blessing and helping us in a wonderful way. His Spirit has been at work and quite a number of souls have been saved. The H. F. target, which was \$20, has been completely shattered and broken.—D. M. G. C.

H. F. O. K.

Liverpool.—The question has often been asked, "Did the Harvest Festival result in defeat or victory?" We now answer, "40 O.K." To God we give the praise. The barracks having ap-

propriate decorations added to our success. We owe our esteemed friends gratitude for their assistance. Capt. March and Lieut. Wesley hold the reins here. We are believing for victory.—F. Payne.

Reviving Times.

Medicine Hat.—Since the Harvest Festival effort the work has gone steadily forward. Each soldier seems to have the salvation of souls at heart. The Spirit of God is striving mightily with many who attend the meetings, and eternally will reveal much that never will be known this side of Jordan to those who have prayed and labored to make our meetings a success. At the holiness meeting we had a real reviving time. God blessed our seeking souls, and each and all were strengthened for the work. After

The Chancellor's Visit.

Newport.—We have been favored with a week-end visit from our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Creighton. The meetings were a good success, and everyone was glad to see the Chancellor. God came and wonderfully blessed us, and one soul sought Christ. Many more were convicted. The comrades are full of faith and a burning desire to see souls saved. We extend a hearty invitation to the Staff-Captain to come again. God bless him.—Lieut. Keats.

A Great Hustler.

North Sydney.—Captain and Mrs. Larimore have farewelled, and have also taken with them our War Cry banner, Lieut. White. My, she was a great hustler! It would do you good to see her on our North Sydney

At night the Captain's subject was, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away." The words spoken went home to the hearts of the people, two poor wayward souls came and found the sinner's Saviour, and many went away with heavy hearts. Our prayer is, Lord, send a revival again.—S. M. Monks.

The New Barracks.

Quebec.—Major Turner and Captain Owens were with us on Sunday. The Major re-opened the barracks. The people turned out well, and the meeting was a good success. Three requested our prayers in the afternoon and we had a wonderful time at night. Our motto is "Onward."—P.

Gave Up His Tobacco.

South-West Arm.—During the past week we have had with us Sgt. Major White, of Catalina, also Bros. Davis and Roberts, from Westleyville. The meetings were good and souls were saved. On Sunday afternoon one brother who had been a backslider for four years, and lived a most miserable life, came and knelt at the penitent form. For some time he struggled, but not until he was willing to let go every idol did God save him. He had in his pocket his pipe and tobacco, and placing it before him he made a complete sacrifice. At night another poor prodigal returned to the fold, making a total of five for the week. Through God we shall do valiantly.—Millie Cave, Capt.

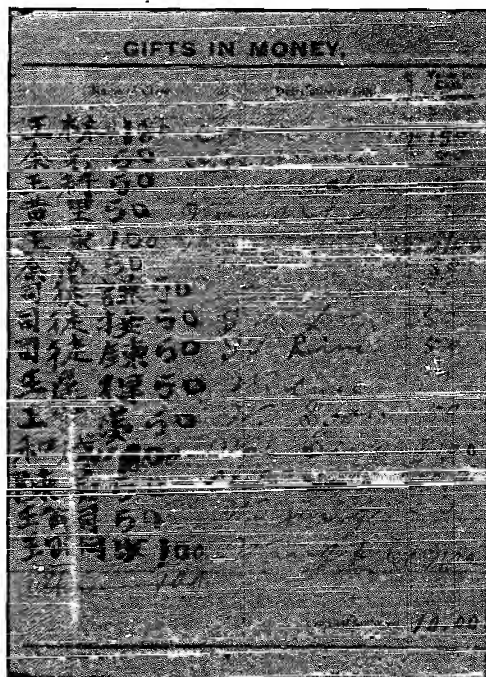
Eight Seek the Lord.

Spokane.—We have every reason to rejoice and thank God for the victories of the past week. Last Wednesday night one dear brother sought forgiveness, and we believe found it to the joy of his heart. On Sunday morning, at the holiness meeting, four precious souls made a full and complete consecration, and at our evening service three dear brothers came forward. Two of these precious souls claimed the victory, but the other, sorry to state, did not. We prolonged the meeting, officers and soldiers prayed and sang again and again, still he seemed hardened, and not making a thorough surrender, he left, asking us to pray for him. Two other precious souls asked an interest in our prayers. We are trusting in the Lord for greater victories.—Joe, R.C.

A Blood-and-Fire Minister.

Vancouver.—Faith and effort always bring victory. We have reached our H. F. target, for which we thank God. Truly He is the giver of every good and perfect gift. We praise Him for salvation, for the strength He gives us to press on in the fight, and for His grace that keeps us true. We have had the joy of seeing souls saved. Frequently a stray sheep or two comes back to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Our hearts yearn to see them coming in greater numbers to the Lord. We had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Mr. Tongue, all the way from Butte, Mont. Bro. Tongue is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist. Although he is a Presbyterian, he takes an active part in our meetings whenever an opportunity presents itself. Despite the fact that he is very much occupied with different branches of Christian work, he finds time to devote a night every week to the S. A. in Butte City. I am sure that God has made him a blessing while with us, and that many will long remember his eloquent, earnest, and stirring appeals to forsake sin and become reconciled to God. God bless him.—H. N. M. N.

Sinners Saved.—Saints Sanctified. Winnipeg.—We are having victory. Sinners have been saved and sinners brought closer to God. Ensign Mercer was with us for the week-end. We had a lovely time and the Ensign's lantern service was very much appreciated. On Sunday night Lieut. Forsberg farewelled, and we welcomed Lieut. Crossland to our midst. We pray that her stay here may be as useful and bring as much blessing as that of Lieut. Forsberg.—Redbird.



The Collecting Card of a Friendly Chinaman, Charley Wong, of Sydney, C.B., who undertook to collect \$10 for Ensign Allen, for Harvest Festival.

the meeting we were treated to a very palatable lunch, prepared by the officers and a sister.—P. E. Funnell.

Seven Souls Seek Salvation.

Montreal I.—Sunday's meetings will long be remembered. The devil was out in full force, but God was with us and gave us four souls for pardon and three for holiness. The collections were good. We are looking forward to greater things in the future. Ensign and Mrs. Hahlik are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter. God bless them.—Irish.

Smashed I.

Nauyasno.—Our Harvest Festival target, which was one hundred and twenty dollars, is completely smashed by dint of prayer, faith, and hard work. We are going in for a good winter's work. Capt. Johnston, who is in command, is the right man in the right place, and under his leadership we are looking forward to a successful work being done for the Master.—Cadet Brett.

streets with a monster package of War Cry under her arm. Her main ambition was to floor both Nigger and Arab, and shine as an Eastern Star. Saturday night's meeting was led by two sisters, and we had a splendid time. The Sunday morning's kneedrift was led by Evangelist Parday. The meetings went with a swing all day. Brother Way finished up at ten o'clock at night, and although we have seen no visible results, we believe there will be a break soon, for the God who lived in Jonah's time, and the power that brought Nineveh to repentance, is able to move North Sydney.—Treas.

Faith Rewarded.

Owen Sound.—We have had another victory, and captured one soul. Glory to God! We have been praying faithfully all week for souls, and God has rewarded our faith.—Arias, R.C.

Heavy Hearts.

Paradise Sound.—Sunday was a day of power. We started at 7 a.m. in this morning, believing for a revival.

A Italian

A wedding took place on Wednesday evening. Band-Sergeant Raimarriage to Miss The ceremony for McMillan, also present. Miss Susie Lidy, brides, and the Malcom Clemmond knot was worn, short address officers from St. Goderich, also D. O. from Port hand, in their braid trimming, ments, made, through about congratulated proceeded to the wedding banquet was an abundance for a couple of kept busy. The white caps, and caps and white. There was a presents, among some oak chair, his fellow-employee room of the Victory. Their man a prosperous and who was there.

The Cur

Winnipeg.—Sunday morning a great time of great From early morning night meeting was very much to and Mrs. Southall and after a soul-able to rejoice in prisoners, Halloo-son, Brigadier, hard-looking can prayer and faith and hard work, victory in the H. again. Great of Major Mrs. Jon Junior workers, reached their tar to spare. The brigades also sale of goods were everybody who Smith's curiosity struck with all to be found there credit is due to be manifested in H. F. a great s

A Hallelujah Wedding.

A wedding took place at Clinton on Wednesday evening, Oct. 8th, when Band-Sergt. Ralph Bezzo was united in marriage to Sister Minnie Livermore. The ceremony was performed by Major McMillan. Staff-Capt. Rawling was also present. The bride and groom were Miss Susie Livermore, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen Brother Malcolm Clement. After the matrimonial knot was tied by Major McMillan, short addresses were given by the officers from Searford, Wingham, and Goderich, also by Adj. Coombs, the D. O. from Petrolia. The Clinton S.A. band, in their red tunics with black braid trimmings, and shining instruments, made the meeting lively with their music. After the friends had thronged about the happy couple and congratulated them, the whole party proceeded to the barracks where a wedding banquet was held. There was an abundance of good things, and for a couple of hours the waiters were kept busy. The sister waiters wore white caps, and the brothers students caps and white coats.

There was a large array of wedding presents, among them being a handsome oak chair given the groom by his fellow-employees in the finishing-room of the Wm. Doherty Organ Factory. Their many friends wish them a prosperous and happy future.—One who was there.

The Curiosity Shop.

Winnipeg.—Sunday's meetings were times of great spiritual outpouring. From early morning till the end of the night meeting the presence of God was very much felt. We had Brigadier and Mrs. Southall with us for the day, and after a soul-stirring night we were able to rejoice in the capture of three prisoners. Hallelujah! Come again soon, Brigadier. If things are a little hard-looking on the surface, with prayer and faith, energy, planning, and hard work, we are able to report victory in the Harvest Festival effort again. Great credit is due to Sergt. Major Mrs. Jones and her staff of Junior workers, who, with the Juniors, reached their target with a few dollars to spare. The band and the Sealer brigades also rallied to the front. The sale of goods went off beautifully, and everybody who paid a visit to Ensign Smith's curiosity shop were very much struck with all the wonderful things to be found therein. A great deal of credit is due to him for the interest he manifested in helping to make our H. F. a great success. We are now

going to press forward in the endeavor to do as well in winning souls during the next few months as we have in reaching our target.—Shiner.

Glace Bay Cleanings.

There were vim and energy in all the week-end operations at Glace Bay, C. B. The officers were ably supported by the band and soldiers.

Lively soul-stirring marches, glorious open-air services, where large congregations listened attentively to prayerful exhortations, and meetings brimful of interest in every detail, were features you could not help noticing.

Every inside meeting was well attended, but on Sunday night the building was packed, while fully as many more went away sorry that they could not get inside. One for complete deliverance and three for salvation were the visible results of the day's fight.

You would not wish to find a more loyal crowd of soldiers and friends, and the evidence of this was manifested in the way they responded to the call for a good collection. They gave very willingly, the amount being a fairly large offering, although it was midway between their pay-days.

The fight started on Saturday night and continued all day Sunday. Staff-Capt. McGillivray from Newfoundland, led on the forces, and in a soul-stirring appeal to the comrades he drew a vivid picture of the difference between justification and sanctification, which produced a good impression in the morning service.

A bright, cheerful free-and-easy followed a good open-air in the afternoon, and the crowd enjoyed both.

At night seventy soldiers were on the march, headed by the brass band. Nearly a thousand people stood in the open-air and listened to divine messages.

Long before the soldiers came in from the march, the hall was full, but soon after it was packed.

Staff-Capt. McGillivray was at his best, and, backed by the Holy Spirit, the message went home.

Lieut. Strothard bade farewell to the comrades and friends with whom he has labored for several months past.

Altogether it was a typical Salvation Army week-end, and one must have been sadly lacking in spirituality who could not have enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Adj. and Mrs. McLean have been in charge for some time, and they have everything well in hand.—Wanderer.

G.B.M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BY ENSIGN WHITE.

I have just commenced my second tour. At London I spent the week-end. God came near and blessed our souls. The Local Agents are doing very well, although the quarter's returns were a little below the last. Try and pull it up to the top, comrades, for London should not be behind anything in the Province. The lantern service was well attended, and a very good income was realized.

Ridgetown came next. I made my way to Mother Waite's home, where my temporal needs were well supplied. We had a pleasant time together. The crowd was rather small, but those who were present enjoyed the meeting. Mother Green, the Local Agent, had made a slight increase upon last quarter. Well done! The comrades are now full stretch for a new barracks and quarters. Capt. Harman and Lieut. Ellis are the officers in charge.

At Blenheim I spent the next week-end. Everyone enjoyed the Saturday night's lantern service, many saying it was the best yet. The Sunday's meetings were very good. God came very near and blessed our souls, and a poor drunken backslider cried for mercy. May God fully save him and make him again a power for good, as he was years ago. The box returns were better this time. Mother McQuinn did very well, also Bro. Dan Rumble. These comrades kindly looked after my temporal needs.

I am still real well and happy, love the Lord with all my heart and soul, and am in for a good winter's work.

SAVED FROM THE BURNING.

"Madams" With a Heart.

(Billings Gazette.)

Capt. W. W. Lacey, of the local corps of Salvation Army workers, will go to Butte tonight, taking with him a 17-year-old girl whom the members of the Army rescued from a house of ill-repute, yesterday.

The mother of the girl lives in Helena, and has no knowledge of the downfall of her daughter, and for reasons that are quite apparent the Cap-



Capt. Braco, Piley's Island, Nfld.

tain requests that the name of the girl be not published. She claims that she was induced to leave Kienana and go to Miles City by a soldier who is located at Fort Keogh, and that her family thinks she is working at Miles. She was deserted by the soldier, and attempted to work her way back home, and upon reaching this place her funds were exhausted, and having made one false step it was easy to make the second one.

To the credit of the woman who conducts the place where the girl has been stopping he it said, she reported the fact of the girl's presence in her house to the Salvation Army people, and requested them to do something for her. An officer of the Army held an interview with the girl and found that she was heartily tired of the life she had been leading for the past few weeks, and was willing to leave it instantly. At the morning service she appeared at the Salvation Army hall, and has since then been taken care of at the barracks of the Army.

Capt. Lacey says that the records of the Army show that 80 per cent. of the girls who are thus rescued renounce the old life for ever, and become useful Christian women. The girl rescued yesterday will be taken to Butte and placed in the Army Rescue Home, where she will remain a year, most likely. If she continues steadfast she will be provided with employment at a good home, or returned to her mother, as she may elect.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

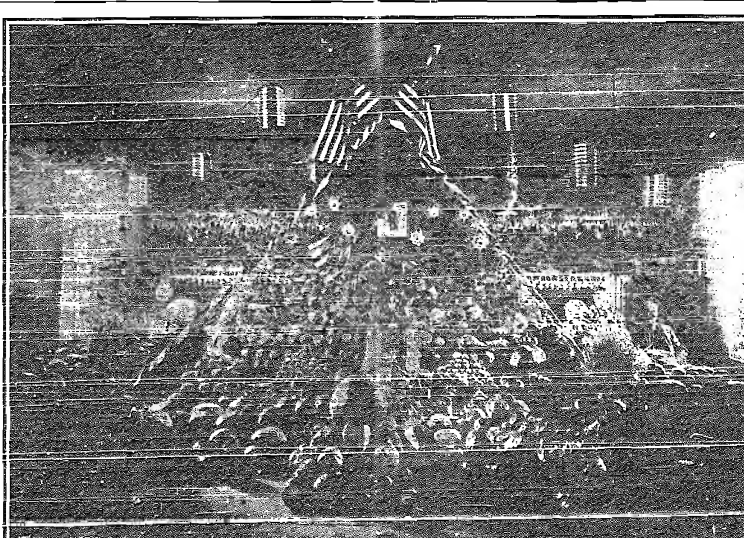
FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

The Lord has taken from our midst one of our faithful and beloved comrades, Sergt. Nancy Parker. She had been laid aside for a couple of years through old age, infirmity, etc., but still had a firm trust in the Lord. She always had a bright testimony to give of God's saving and keeping power, and would sometimes say she was going to wear a starry crown on her head, and a pair of silver slippers on her feet when she got to heaven. She was excreted at Windsor, N.S., under Capt. Banks, now Mrs. Adj. Matthy.

The funeral was well attended, and was conducted by Adj. Jennie, of Halifax I. corps. The services at the barracks and grave were very impressive. Sergt. Parker was highly respected by all who knew her, for her simple trust in God. We sympathize with the bereaved ones, and hope to meet our dear comrade in the mansions above. In the memorial service on Sunday night three souls sought pardon.—Treas. Cashin, Halifax I.

Have a purpose in life, and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

The misdeeds of every minute are a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we should disarm them with their reports, and not suffer them to fly away empty or laden with dangerous intelligence. How happy is it when they carry up not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before His glorious throne.—Wilton.



Capt. Lacey's Splendid Harvest Festival Display at Billings, Mont.

The General in the Eastern Province.

(Continued from page 9.)

MONDAY AT THE RINK.

What a funny place! We shook the dust off our feet and glanced ruefully at the sandy traces left upon our clothes. Did that group of lads around the door nearly choke in their endeavor to stifle their amusement?—we were so evidently unaccustomed to the interior of a rink. "What would you do?" said the officer taking tickets. "This is the only place that will hold the General's meeting to-night. That disappointed crowd outside the Opera House twice yesterday was enough to turn a door-keeper's brain that night. We had to close the doors half an hour before meeting-time. And look here!" We looked. A stream of humanity was pouring into the building, which was none too spacious for the vast crowd which thronged the General's last public meeting in St. John.

There was all the enthusiasm, the blessing and joy of the Sunday behind the ringing welcome with which the General was received. Souls that had been inspired in the previous meetings were all around him; ministers precluded by their own duties from attending on Sunday, were on either side of him, while officers and soldiers, whose expectations were being hourly more than realized, lit up the scene with their bright uniform, and even brighter faces.

The glorious victories of the previous night yet warm our hearts. There is a good and a grand time ahead of us.

"Is the General an alchemist, and has he discovered the secret of perpetual life?" wondered a thoughtful listener. Can it be that after such strenuous efforts, and with but the brief rest of the forenoon, he is thus full of life and vigor? And we who were better informed wondered more, for the General's forenoon had been one of work, increasing and arduous.

From the onset there was a feeling of exceptional freedom in the meeting. By the time the General rose to his feet the gauge of enthusiasm registered high. Not the last demonstrative were the leading citizens and prominent ministers who supported the General on the platform; they enjoyed it all, applauded it all, literally drank it all in a way that was some indication of the hold which the General has upon the thought as well as the conscience of St. John.

The chairman, Premier Tweedie, introduced the General in a few graceful words of glowing appreciation. He said that the General's work had made him a world-wide reputation—the work of the Salvation Army had placed General Booth in a position perhaps filled by no other religious reformer. He came to Canada with all the vigor of youth, and with his natural force unabated. This last remark produced tremendous cheers.

Again and again during the General's fascinating narrative he was interrupted by outbursts of spontaneous applause. Not a feature was lost, not an illustration missed fire. Even when the speaker turned from the description of the miracles wrought and victories won for the cross by the A.C., to impress upon all the sense of individual responsibility for the blessing of the lost, the attention did not flinch.

The General's wittier sallies produced laughter and delight, as when disclaiming his intention of holding any meeting in which the penitent form could not be included, he said that he would like nothing better than to see the bonneted French friar invite sinners to Christ, and that he did not think it would tend in any way to decrease that gentleman's already large popularity.

For a more exuberant applause broke out when the General commended the work done by his people in this country, and particularly the leadership of his beloved daughter, the Field Commissioner. The mention of her name was sufficient to awaken a whirlwind of appreciation; and when the General called her to him to put a fatherly kiss upon her brow, the excitement became terrific. Such a salute between such a father and such a daughter was an historical and moving sight.

The General at Halifax, N.S.

(By Wire.)

General's visit to Halifax was a unique success, whole city vibrating with enthusiasm; every ticket disposed of long before the hour of meeting. Doors closed at seven forty-five; streets outside filled with disappointed people. Spacious Academy of Music packed from floor to ceiling; influential citizens and prominent ministers on platform. Huge crowds filled every window-seat and frescoed the walls. Hon. Gilpin Jones, Lieut.-Governor, presided and welcomed the General in warm appreciative terms. General's lecture a masterpiece of information, full of interest and inspiration. Mayor Crosby and Mr. J. Macintosh, Attorney-General, proposed and seconded vote of thanks. Enthusiastic climax.

Staff-Capt. Page.

The General dealt with vital questions that night. The crowd listened with bated breath to his discussion of the problem of the world getting better and wiser. The General does not theorize, but declares the statements which have been practised and proved. Nor was it only in generalities the General spoke to us. "Audiences hate statistics," he said facetiously, "but they love mine." The figures given were unguishable evidences of phenomenal success.

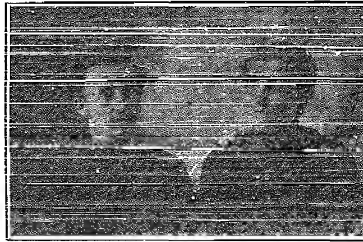
"The Salvation Army has become a recognized social and religious factor in all lands," said Mayor White, in proposing the vote of thanks. "It must be a source of satisfaction to General

Booth to know that he has actually done more for the good of mankind than any other one man in the world to-day. St. John is proud to welcome him."

Judge Foster, in seconding the vote, made a stirring speech. He compared the mission of the General to that of Luther, Knox, and Wesley, who had been, in turn, raised up by God to meet the spiritual needs of the people.

Colonel Jacobs' prayer closed one of the grandest Salvation Army demonstrations ever held in St. John.

So the meetings ended—at least for the public of St. John. For the officers, the best wine of the feast had yet to come.—Staff-Capt. Page.



Ensign and Mrs. Knight, St. John I.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE GENERAL.

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS ABOUT THE GENERAL, HIS MEETINGS AND HIS OPINIONS ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

We cannot attempt to re-print the many columns which the daily press has given to the reporting of the General's meetings, and the interviews granted by him, but we should be lacking in our sense of duty and sympathy with our readers if we did not give at least the most interesting clippings from the newspapers regarding the General.

STILL FULL OF ENERGY, EARNESTNESS AND POWER.

(Daily Sun, St. John, N.B., Oct. 13th.)

General William Booth is an old man—44 he was on his last birthday—and his years have been years of work. But his zeal for the cause of his heart, his burning desire to bring every soul to the truth as he sees it; his restless energy and spiritual power are as young and strong as when he founded the great religious organization of which he is still the main-spring.

As men must be who have done as he has, the General is a forceful man in spite of the weight of three score and fourteen years. His eyes, heavy-lidded and deep-set, are keen and commanding, and none of the members of his Army are apt to forget for a moment that this white-haired patriarchal, bearded man with the strong eagle face is indeed the "General." When he gives an order, things happen.

On the platform, with his tall, slightly stooped figure and masterful white-manned head, he presents an imposing figure. His voice, broken with much speaking indoors and out, is harsh, and at first unpleasant. But the ter-

rrible earnestness behind it makes its utterances impressive. The General is eloquent; at times he rises to a pitch of rough eloquence that compels listening, and always he is earnest, deadly in earnest, with a power behind it that makes it felt.

Yesterday he spoke at three services, preaching nearly an hour each time. He did not spare himself. He threw the whole force of his nature into each address. He walked the platform with restless energy; he pleaded, he urged, he denounced, he exhorted. He held his ideal of life before the people and agonized lest any should fail to accept it as their own. At the close of the third speech of his trying day he showed not a trace of weakening.

All of his previous words evangelistic, and each was followed by a direct personal appeal to each man or woman present to leave the life they were living and come with him along the glorious pathway of the new life. At these times the General's tremendous earnestness in his work was the most impressive. There was a railing in front of the platform, covered with red, and bearing the words: "You had better settle the matter now." Across this he would lean as he pleaded with all his strength for the salvation of souls for which he yearned.

"Won't you save your soul?" he would cry. "Won't you come and kneel down here and throw away all that burden that is bearing you down—down? Never mind what people will think. 'It's too public here,' you say. Remember that Christ dies for you in public, and that if you fail to come you'll be damned in public. You

know what you ought to do. Never mind your feelings; just arise and do it. Is there a crowd around you, and does the penitent form seem a long ways away? Jesus walked all the way to Calvary for you. Won't you come? Won't you come? Who's going to be the first?"

And he would lean forward eagerly over the railing as if he would draw them up with his hands. They did come, too. Not in a rush, but slowly, one by one, until at each meeting the penitent form was full of kneeling figures.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

(Daily Telegraph, St. John, N.B., Oct. 14th.)

Seldom is such a scene witnessed at a public gathering as was enacted at the mammoth Salvation Army meeting in St. Andrews' Rink last evening when for an instant General William Booth, commander of the Salvation Army forces throughout the world, and Commissioner Eva Booth, head of the Army in Canada, stood locked in each other's embrace while 2,500 people watched in silence.

Then arose a mighty ovation as the realization came home that the incident was of more portent than a meeting between commander and aide, General and Commissioner—it was father and daughter strained to each other's breast in exuberance of affection.

The incident occurred as the venerable founder of the Army was telling the vast audience why he came to Canada. "I came," he said, "to congratulate my soldiers on the fight they have made. There is cause for congratulation, especially when I have in this land such a brave, devoted aide as my talented daughter."

At this the audience broke into wildly enthusiastic applause. Commissioner Eva Booth, who was sitting at her father's right, flushed at this well-merited praise, her face flushed up, and slowly she advanced to his side and grasped hands with him. Twice for a second only, then parental love and pride swept overpoweringly over all thought of place or circumstances, and father and daughter stood clasped in each other's arms while the audience stamped the act with its unanimous approbation by prolonged applause.

General Booth delivered a mastery address on the life and work of the Army. He spoke with vigor and with that natural rugged eloquence which has proved the magnet to draw to his meetings throngs which have taxed the capacity of the largest auditoriums.

At the meeting Premier Tweedie presided, and among other prominent citizens on the platform were Mayor White, Judge Forbes, Ald. T. B. Robinson, Ald. Robert Maxwell, Ald. T. H. Bullock, John Bullock, Joseph Bullock, Rev. H. F. Waring, Rev. A. Lucas, Rev. H. H. Boach, Rev. Christopher Burnett, Rev. A. White, T. S. Simms, E. H. McAlpine, and others. In addition to General Booth, Commissioner Eva Booth, Colonel Lawley, Colonel Jacobs, Brigadier Pugmire, and other Army officials.

HOW TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.

In an interview General Booth said to a Telegraph representative:

"Nine months ago, in England, I determined to make a definite and desperate effort on behalf of the drunkards. Drunkenness has increased very considerably within the latter years of prosperity in England, and I intend to make a desperate effort to thwart this vice, and so gave out an order. I said: I want you to save 5,000 drunkards during the coming year. You must bring them out of the public-house, you must get them out of the houses on Saturday nights, gather them together in your halls and give them coffee and talk to them, take them home, rescue them out of the hands of the police and visit them. Get their wives on your side.

"We began this campaign in February and I find the band who have been actually reclaimed to number 3,800 to us, in very gratifying. We not only reformed them, but they joined the Army and many wear the uniform."

"Some people say, 'Wash their shirt.' But I say, 'No, wash their heads, and then they will wash their own shirts.'"

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SHEA AT ST. JOHN.

TOOK IN THE GENERAL'S
MEETINGS.

Glory!
Hallelujah!
More glory!
More hallelujah!
I SAW THE GENERAL!
10,000 glory hallelujahs!
I haven't finished getting blessed or shouting yet.
I saw a heavenly lot of good, old-time comrades.

Venot, from Halifax, was there with his long hair, silk hat, and didoes. On the street, some took him to be the General. While the boys were carrying him on their shoulders, a chap with a kodak shot at him. I told him to be sure and send the photo to the War Cry. Hope he will, don't you?

Sergt-Major Morgan, another Halifax bowler and hustler, was there "fell as a tick" with the glory.

Gipsy Miller, a thunder and lightning lassie, from Moncton, was also there.

Chief of Police Bowles, the devil-chasing Sergt-Major and hobo hustler, of Digby, had a warm time in St. John, too.

Prof. Hawley, of Charlottetown, sang with guitar accompaniment, "from the General down to me" (his own musical composition, I understand) at the opera-like fare-up at the head of King St. He's a professor of music and salvation, and tickled the piano and everybody else when Colonel Lawley sang.

The Glace Bay band boys are the brightest, biggest, and best-looking lot of lads I ever saw in a band. Alex. McEneaney was the only one I knew personally. He will pass as a sample, I reckon. They accompany the General to Halifax, with a great crowd of Cape Bretoners.

Father Wise, from Newcastle, was there. Ditto Sergt-Major Dalziel, of Grand Manan, over six feet high, filled from toes up with the happy kind of salvation. His bright curly hair looks like a "crown of glory." They would look better if he only put a nice regulation cap on his head. Keep smiling and believing, Johnny!

And George Moore, of Woodstock, about a yard high, all smiles and salvation, had a wonderful time while her old comrades handed her down a blessing or two.

Just think of it, a hundred souls at the peaceful form during the campaign! One was from Newfoundland, who got blessed by my style—he jumped, almost stood on his head, shouted, and hammered the floor with his heels and fists.

Another chap, a traveler for a Toronto firm, when he got the victory also felt gay and laughed until he almost cried.

Oh, it did me so much good to see my old comrades from Toronto and elsewhere—Staff-Captains Page and Harry Morris, Adlt. Dick Griffith, and "Gipsy"—I don't know whether she's an Ensign, Adjutant, or what, but she's next thing to an angel, anyhow.

Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Pugh were also blessed me—in fact, they did everything.

And the Commissioner! I almost felt like crying because I didn't get a chance to speak to her, but she looked fine, I tell you!

I say, you should have seen her blush when the General spoke about the good work she had done in Canada, and when he hugged her on the platform, right before everybody—three thousand people; but then, you know, he is her father, and couldn't help it. I hope that kodak fellow was there and took it all in, and will send the same to the War Cry.

My, my, my, what a wonderful time it was! Didn't those hundreds of Salvationists have a royal good time! Nothing can excel it but heaven itself. I can't describe it, and will not try, but leave it to you to imagine what it was like, hoping you will feel like kicking yourself for not being there.

—F. E. S.

God likes the men who choose hard things. He gives hard tasks as proof of His love to those whom He trusts and honors.

The Christian who counts on the constant presence and the continuous help of Christ is a person who is hard to discourage.



The General's Letters

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



PRAYER.—No. 1.

My Dear Comrades,—

I wrote you two letters on this subject some time ago, but so closely allied is it to your peace, power, and usefulness, that I feel constrained to say something further on the same theme.

In the letters to which I have just referred, I dwell on some of the more important subjects for which we ought to pray, and gave some reasons for doing so. In this letter I want to speak of the manner you should approach God in order to secure the blessings you desire.

To be able to pray so as not only to reach the ear and move the heart of God, but to ensure the bestowment of the blessings for which you ask, is a very wonderful gift.

God has manifested the satisfaction with which He regards that kind of prayer by the marvellous answers He has given to it all the way down the stream of history. All good men enjoy a measure of the gift, and covet much more.

Bad men fear it, and stand in dread of those whom they have reason to believe possess it. The fervent effectual prevailing prayer, of which the Apostle James speaks, is altogether a wonderful thing. Of it the old hymn-writer says—

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

To try and show you how you can offer that kind of a prayer is, then, the object of this letter. My task is rather difficult. I need not say that you will make little progress unless you already possess that Spirit which comes with the New Heart, and which causes the soul to cry out, "Abba Father, my Lord and my God." I shall assume that you possess this Divine instinct, and that you do here and now join me in the request—

"O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
Teach us how to pray."

There are different kinds of prayer—first, as to say occasion, and the circumstances of those offering prayer differing, render the character of their prayers different. The prayer of the publican in the temple, and the dying cry of the thief on the cross were called forth by different circumstances from that of Elijah when he lay prostrate on Mount Carmel calling on God for rain on the dried-up hills and valleys of Judea.

Now, I want specially to speak of what we call private prayer—that is, the prayer that every one of your soldiers may be supposed to offer day by day, say every morning or evening. Such prayer ought, I think, to have in it seven different points. You might call it a ladder of seven different rungs, reaching from earth to heaven, up which every soldier climbs, as I have said, into the very presence of his Maker every day.

1. Now, the first rung of my ladder I will call Reality. That is, be real, be in earnest when you seek to approach God. Beware of formality. In no exercise of religion is there more danger of formality than in prayer, and in no exercise is formality a greater enemy of usefulness. Beware of it. Shake yourself up by reminding yourself that you are going into the very presence of God in order that you may speak directly to Him on matters that concern not only your own richest well-being, but that of those nearest and dearest to you.

Perhaps you may say, "Am I not always in the presence of God?" Yes, you are, and you cannot, by any means, go away from His Spirit, for in Him you live and move and have your being. But still, the soul can, by its own choice and purpose, enter into the holy of holies and come more intimately to His sacred feet.

That is what is done in real prayer, and you do not want to engage in the form of prayer unless it is a real

coming before God. Therefore impress this upon your mind.

And you may also say to me, "Does not the apostle tell me that I am to be always praying?" Yes, he does. He says, "Pray without ceasing," which I take to mean that you are to live all the time in the spirit of holy communion with your Heavenly Father. That is, to live so that prayer shall never be out of harmony with your feelings.

But then the duties of your daily life, and the lawful anxieties you are compelled to feel about the Salvation war and other things, must necessarily occupy your attention to a great extent. But when you wish especially to commune with God you must turn aside as Moses did in the wilderness, to do so. You will remember that he took off his shoes, and spoke to God, who appeared to him in a burning bush. If you turn aside from your cares and anxieties, and prostrate yourself before God in the same way, He will bear your petitions and answer them. Therefore, remind yourself of the importance of the action which you have yourself in prayer.

Then you must begin your prayers by putting your soul into actual communion with God. When I approach God I never feel that I am really praying until I am able to realize that I have, as it were, attracted the attention of God; and that I am speaking actually to Him, and that He is listening to what I say. That is what I sometimes call, in a telegraphic phrase, being "switched on."

Perhaps you will know that, when you want to speak to anyone in some distant town, through the telephone, you ask the Central Office Exchange to connect the wire through which you are speaking with the wire of the office or home of the party with whom you want to converse. Then, being connected, you call his attention and your conversation takes place. Now, something answering to this should take place in your soul, only that in such a case it is yourself that wants connecting with your Heavenly Father, feeling that He is ever on the look-out for your approach and His ear is ever open to your cry.

You can take a simpler illustration. When you want to speak to the Captain about any matter which has to do with the corps, or some comrade who is sick, or some soul whom you want to win, you don't go outside his quarters and begin to shout out your business, or ask him to render you such service as you desire. Supposing that he was at the open window listening, you would have no pleasure in talking at random into the air. No; you would want to feel that he was there, and listening to you, and preparing to answer you back as you desire.

Just so with God. If you are to put any reality into your prayer, you must feel after God, and believe in God, and cast yourself on God right at the beginning, and you won't have long to wait before He answers your cry, and makes you feel that you are talking to His heart. And the promise shall be verified in your experience: "Before you call, He will answer; and while you are yet speaking, He will hear."

2. The second step in my golden ladder is Worship. By which I mean adoration, thanksgiving, praise. You believe that He is the great God—almighty, all-wise, all-loving; your Creator, your Redeemer, your Father, and your Friend. Speak to Him of His greatness, how yourself before Him, and He will do you good, and encourage you in the exercise on which you have entered.

Thank Him for all the mercies He has bestowed upon you and those you love and care about. When you kneel down in the morning you should think upon all: the health and strength and preservation and the blessings of all things, which He has given you the previous night; and when you kneel down at night remember the blessings you asked from Him in the morning. If they have been given you, this is the moment to thank Him for the display of so much love. Well, do it.

(To be continued.)

G. B. M. Notes.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. J. POOLIE.

Cornwall.

Bro. Omes is an up-to-date G.B.M. Agent, and Cornwall has eclipsed any quarter for the year—\$7.25 being the total for September. Mrs. Webb's box contained \$1.35, Bro. Omes' \$1.15, and Capt. Green's \$1.07.

St. Albans, Vt.

If only the same aggressive spirit was manifested in the spiritual world as in the social, much more would be accomplished for God and eternity. On the evening of my visit the officer in charge was arrested for proclaiming salvation in the open-air. I continued with my meeting, but the barber's sign was continually brought to my mind—"TU R' abet." However, as the Lord delivered up Daniel, so was my comrade delivered. Bro. Hancock, G.B.M. Agent, predicts a good collection, which will be remitted by post.

Burlington.

We have been somewhat hindered in prosecuting the war here. Eugene Hutt is in the hospital, very ill, and the G.B.M. Agent was detained at home. It was my happy lot to canvass box-holders. I was reinforced by the Harmonic Revivalists, who had just arrived. We had a splendid time.

Barre.

Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Perkins, and Father Norris brought in good returns, \$7.25 being the contents of the boxes. Capt. Bloss made me feel quite at home. As the Captain had been at my home during my soldier days, memories returned of the times when God met with us then and blessed our souls while we were labouring side by side. We had a musical meeting, and I said good-bye.

St. Johnsbury.

I was welcomed at this place of life and interest by the officers with beaming faces. A great number congregated for our open-air meeting, and the indoor service was a success. I visited the G.B.M. Agent, called on a number of box-holders, and appointed a new Agent, Bro. Carpenter, who asks for more boxes, and has started his new work with zeal. The box in Mr. Bunker's front store had the largest collection.

Newport.

Sergt. Morse, Local Agent, brought in one of the largest collections we have had for two years. This is cheering. New box-holders have been secured, and the work is in a prosperous condition.

Sherbrooke.

Mrs. Shurtliff, the Agent, not being at home, the returns were necessarily delayed. We were reminded here of former days of the Army by the thud of stones on the drum-head. Lieut. Carpenter, the converted Frenchman, said it made him feel more like fighting for God.

Quebec.

I left Sherbrooke at 2 a.m. in the stillness of the night, and was soon speeding on my way. I had gone 140 miles when I took the stage at St. Julie for Inverness. Here I was reinforced by Capt. Edwards. Mrs. Young and Mrs. Miller made us feel at home. My service had been well announced and a goodly number was present. The Rev. Mr. Sutherland closed our meeting in prayer, asking God's blessing on the Army in all its undertakings to bless humanity.

We returned to Quebec City, forty-five miles. On our arrival Capt. Edwards said, "Come up and see our new hall." The Captain turned the electric button that illuminates one of the most complete Army barracks in the East Ontario Province. The Shelter will also be remodelled. May God's blessing rest upon our work in Quebec City. Mr. J. Young, our Agent, renders good service, though he is not a Salvationist. Mr. McMillan's box held with \$1.80, the Y.M.C.A. second with \$1.10, Miss R. Hicks third with \$1.04, and Mrs. Miller fourth with \$1.00. The total collection was \$7.21.



Our Hustlers' Honor Roll.



The Winnipeg Wonder—The East Losing Ground—The Same Old Story—Where are the Western Soldiers?—The Lascadets Beat the Lads.

The Winnipeg wonder takes first place again. 426 is the latest total that takes my eye. Well done, Winnipeg.

Lieut. West is, however, up to the 400 mark and going strong. Keep your eye on the goal, Lieutenant. If you can go 450 I think you have Lieut. Forsberg beat! A good try for that sublime total won't hurt you, really.

I notice the East is gradually going down the ladder. Yes, sir, that's so. Time was when they could send in 240 names, and now it's a paltry 128! Look's bad, don't it?

Those dead heads of last week soon resolved themselves into a different state of things. Arab, Nigger, and Mag is the order, as usual. I guess we'll have to put up with that for quite a while yet, by the looks of things.

I notice that most of our hustlers from the West are officers. Where are the push-head soldiers from that region? Surely they are not being overlooked. I hope not. They're good stunts, and ought to be heard from.

The up-top hustlers this week are Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg, 426; Lieut. West, London, 400, and Lieut. Moore, Sydney, 270. Bravo, ye rising War Lieutenants!

I heard a Corps-Cadet last night remark that she had got to love selling War Crys. Of course she has. It's the finest thing under the sun, when you do it in the right spirit.

I miss that lone boomer from Dawson. Is she out off for the rest of the winter? If so, let us pray that she may turn up next spring as smart and smiling as usual.

Didn't I tell you? Sure, the lassie Cadets seem to be able to walk all around the lads when it comes to War Crying. They can do it! (P.S.—I'm saying this so as to get the lads kinder worked up, you know. I hope they'll get so excited that they go in and win.)

Eastern Province.

123 Hustlers.

Lieut. Moore, Sydney	270
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	160
Lieut. Venoit, Charlottetown	150
P. S. M. Venoit, Halifax II.	150
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	144
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
Sergt. Lidston, Glace Bay	123
Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	120
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I.	118
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	118
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Capt. Melkie, Charlottetown	107
Julia Lidston, Glace Bay	107
Cand. McPadden, Yarmouth	103
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I.	101
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	100
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	100
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Yarmouth	100
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	100
Lieut. Brace, Westville	100
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	100
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Charlottetown	100
S.M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Capt. A. Murroughs, St. John V.	95
Mrs. Bell, Halifax I.	88
C.C. Bishop, Woodstock	85
Mrs. Capt. Ferguson, Amherst	85
Capt. Clark, Sackville	85
Capt. Faray, Parrishboro	80
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	80
Lieut. McDonald, Stellarton	79
Capt. McWilliams, Moncton	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	67
Lieut. Gilmann, Chatham	55
Emma Brewer, Halifax I.	61

Capt. Anderson, St. John II.	60
Ensign Williams, Springhill	60
Capt. Nitting, Windsor	60
Capt. Chandler, Canning	60
Annie Laybold, Bridgetown	60
Mrs. Adjt. Creighton, Hamilton	60
Lieut. Fewson, Whitney Pier	57
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II.	55
Capt. Pemberton, Summerside	55
Capt. Mercer, Summerside	55
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	55
Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	55
Mrs. Jones, Halifax I.	54
Capt. Lebars, Sydney Mines	50
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	50
Capt. Tatom, Charlottetown	50
Lieut. Gillbank, Annapolis	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Sergt. Dill, Fredericton	50
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River	50
Lieut. Givley, Springhill	45
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	45
Capt. Ebsary, Digby	45
Lieut. White, Digby	40
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	40
Sergt. Dill, Glace Bay	40
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	40
Capt. Tiller, Newcastle	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	40
Lieut. Elliot, Newcastle	39
Lieut. Whales, Louisburg	37
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Capt. McIvor, Newcastle	35
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Laura, Chatham	30
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	30
Sergt. Jarvis, Halifax II.	30
Capt. Harding, Sussex	30
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	30
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Capt. Martin, Windsor	30
Annie Ramey, Windsor	30
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	30
Capt. Green, Houlton	30
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	30
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	30
Lieut. Munroe, Freeport	30
Sergt. Burns, Southampton	30
Mrs. Adjt. Hunter, St. George's	30
Capt. McEachern, Kentville	28
Mrs. Small, Moncton	25
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II.	25
Mrs. Ward, Charlottetown	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
C.C. Patrick, St. John III.	25
S.M. Marry, St. John III.	25
Mrs. Hargrave, St. John	25
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV.	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Smith, Houlton	25
C.C. Pantor, Dominion	22
Aggie Wilson, Dominion	22
Capt. Lamont, Whitney Pier	21
S.M. Kent, Bear River	20
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	20
Sister Boutlier, Sydney Mines	20
Sergt. Englund, Chatham	20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	20
Lieut. Legge, Campbellton	20
Capt. Jones, Halifax II.	20
Ensign Sharpam, Windsor	20
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	20
Capt. F. White, Bridgetown	20
S.M. Jefferson, Annapolis	20
Willie Turner, St. John V.	20
Ensign Knight, St. John I.	20
Capt. Leadley, Fairville	20
Lieut. Cavender, Fairville	20
Capt. Murroughs, Hillsboro	20
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	20
Capt. Loring, North Sydney	20
Sister Butler, Sydney Mines	20
Cand. Crossman, Lunenburg	20

West Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. West, London	400
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	129
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Chatham	108
S.M. McDougall, Goderich	100
Lieut. Close, Strathroy	100
Mrs. Huffner, Woodstock	100
Sister McGregor, St. Thomas	95
Capt. Vinnie Pattenden, Wallaceburg	95
P. S. M. Minns, Schuster, Berlin	85
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	80
Lieut. Hingley, Simcoe	85
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	85
Capt. Fennacy, Windsor	84
Capt. Jodinson, St. John	80
Minnie Bryden, Windsor	75
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	75
Mrs. Capt. Dewell, Palmerston	75
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	70

Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	70
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph	70
Ensign Brehaut, Woodstock	68
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	65
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	65
Cand. McQueen, Petrolia	65
Calista Sawyer, St. Thomas	60
S.M. Tremaine, Listowel	60
Mrs. Liebrooke, Leamington	55
Lieut. McCall, Bothwell	55
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	55
Sister Richard, Watford	50
C.C. G. Cooper, Brantford	50
Mother Cutting, Essex	50
Mrs. Howlett, Drayton	50
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	50
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	50
Mary McInerney, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Williams, Essex	45
Mrs. Adjt. Orchard, Wingham	41
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	40
Capt. Hogan, Clinton	40
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	40
Capt. Young, Forest	40
Fred Palmer, London	40
Sister Cable, Stratford	37
Edith, Paris	35
Capt. I. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	35
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway	35
Dad Christner, Dresden	35
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	30
Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	30
Green, Hespeler	30
Sister Garalde, London	30
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	30
Capt. Campbell, St. Thomas	30
C.C. Christner, Petrolia	25
C.C. Robinson, Wingham	25
Lieut. Cook, Thedford	25
Capt. Coy, Goderich	25
C.C. Gare, Strathroy	25
C.C. Maggie Wilson, Simcoe	25
Capt. Hartman, Ridgeway	25
P.S.M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	20
Aleat Mitchell, Petrolia	20
Lillie Gilbert, Elmira	20
Mrs. Kesley, Chatham	20
Sister Harvey, Goderich	20
Clara Downey, Ridgeway	20
Mrs. Jordan, Chatham	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Gleser, Chatham	20
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	20
Mrs. Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	20
S.M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mrs. Welshy, Delhi	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroter	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20

Central Ontario Province.

70 Hustlers.

Sister Mary Andrews, Temple	116
Lieut. Crocker, Sault Ste. Marie	100
Capt. Hogarty, Yorkville	92
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	89
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	75
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	75
C.C. Edie Corneil, Lindsay	75
Capt. Plant, Brampton	65
Capt. Clark, Dovercourt	65
C.C. Sheardwood, Huron St.	65
Bro. Moffit, Riverside	63
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Sister F. Silverthorn, Temple	62
Lieut. Clark, Collingwood	60
Capt. Meader, North Bay	60
Cand. Nellie Gilmann, Bowmanville	50
S.M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	50
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	50
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	45
Sergt. Dickson, Dundas	45
Capt. Gravett, Meaford	45
Lieut. Currie, Meaford	45
Capt. Bond, Hamilton I.	40
S.M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Capt. Clark, Hamilton I.	40
Louise Coy, Hamilton I.	40
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Rat Village	40
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville	40
S.M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	40
Lieut. Minnis, Riverside	40
Sister M. Penas, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickella, Sturgeon Falls	37
S.M. Travis, Newmarket	35
Capt. Sullivan, Riverside	35
Little Case, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Carter, Little Current	35
Lieut. Gashakokahig, Little Current	34
Lizette Bradley, Temple	34
Capt. Cornish, Huron St.	32
Sergt. Mrs. Phillips, Lisgar St.	32
Alice Ebsary, Lippincott	32
Capt. Fynn, Temple	30
Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls	30
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Marshall, Brooklin	30
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	30
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount	27
Adjt. Bale, Lisgar St.	27

Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	25
C.C. Miller, Burk's Falls	25
Maud Wesseler, Hamilton I.	25
J. Macdonald, Chelsoy	25
E. Minora, Fenelon Falls	20
J. S. S.M. Campbell, Chelsoy	20
Lieut. Welshy, Onemosa	20
Lieut. Cranfield, Aurora	20
Capt. McLennan, Aurora	20
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	20
Sergt. Nelson, Lindsay	20
C.C. N. Richards, Lindsay	20
Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	20
C.C. Perkins, Dovercourt	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20

East Ontario Province.

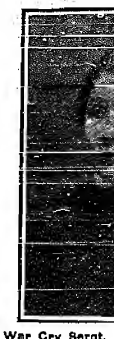
63 Hustlers.

Lieut. Langley, Burlington	153
Lieut. Falfour, Belleville	150
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	141
S.M. Dudley, Ottawa	130
Lieut. Vanover, Oshesburg	120
Lieut. Lowrie, Picton	100
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	86
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Lieut. Greenslade, Trenton	59
Adjt. Newman, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Green, Cornwall	50
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	75
Adjt. McNamara, Kingston	75
Capt. O'Neill, Perth	72
Mrs. Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	70
Capt. Ash, Sherbrooke	70
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	65
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	65
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	63
Lieut. Keats, Newport	60
Sergt. Leslie, Montreal I.	60
Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	50
Ensign Gammalidge, Arnprior	50
Mrs. Stephens, Peterboro	57
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	55
Sergt. Hippner, Montreal II.	55
Sergt. Vanover, Montreal I.	55
Capt. Podger, Brockville	52
Lieut. Gates, Gananoque	50
Lieut. Oldford, Gananoque	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Maggie Little, Newport	50
Lieut. Mathews, Peterboro	45
Capt. Pitcher, Napanee	44
Capt. Patterson, Napanee	44
Sergt. Stone, Lakeside	40
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Campbellford	40
Cadet Casselman, Campbellford	40
Lieut. Carpenter, Sherbrooke	40
Capt. Bloss, Barre	38
Treas. White, Brockville	38
Dad Greene, Peterboro	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	35
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Crago, Montreal II.	29
Lieut. Owen, Burlington	29
Lieut. Rutledge, Morrisburg	26
Treas. Rice, Morrisburg	26
Sergt. McVey, Sherbrooke	25
Mrs. Gress, Cornwall	25
Sergt. Marshall, Montreal II.	25
S.M. Comba, Arnprior	23
Adjt. Kendall, Burlington	22
Alice Lewis, Ottawa	21
Ada Cousineau, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Makro, Barre	20
Capt. Liddell, Millbrook	20
Cadet Sherwood, Millbrook	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Mary Billings, Prescott	20
Sister Bullock, Montreal II.	20
Ethel Proctor, Cornwall	20
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	20

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	426
Lieut. Pappeton, Jamestown	100
Adjt. Fleming, Brandon	100
Capt. Gamble, Devil's Lake	94
Mrs. Ensign Staiger, Port Arthur	90
Sergt. Halford, Winnipeg	85
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Rat Village	80
Capt. Charlton, Fortage la Prairie	80
Ensign Ferguson, Moorhead	79
Capt. Myers, Grafton	70
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	70
Lieut. Pearce, Moose Jaw	65
Lieut. Karna, Minto	55
Lieut. Cook, Medicine Hat	65
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary	62
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	60
Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton	60
Capt. Hansen, Prince Albert	55
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	50
Lieut. Miller, Valley City	46
Lieut. Lewis, Grand Forks	45
Capt. McKay, Fargo	42
Ensign Green, Lethbridge	40
Lieut. Cross, Glauco	38
Lieut. Timson, Dauphin	38
C. C. Johnson, Bismarck	37
Capt. Morris, Moosehead	35
Capt. Haskirk, Fort William	35
Mrs. Louisa, Fort William	35
Capt. Brander, Regina	31
C.C. Leadman, Winnipeg	30



War Cry Sergt. L.

Lieut. Wiley, Prince
Lieut. Mansell, So
Lieut. Eastman, F
Capt. Hardy, Em
Sergt. Burrows, M
Jesse Scott, Wint
Lieut. Scott, Let
Lieut. Nutall, Lar
Mrs. Montgomery,
Capt. Meron, Neep
Lieut. Gardiner, H
Capt. Flawa, Fort

Pacific

25 Hustlers.

Sister Wright, W
Cadet Robinson, D
Capt. Gain, Missou
Capt. Heater, New
Cadet Knudson, B
Capt. Barrach, W
Capt. Hurst, Vanc
Mrs. Hooker, Spok
Adjt. Stevens, Van
Lizette Hawkins, G
Lieut. Johnson, Gro
Ensign Scott, Ever
Mrs. Adjt. Nolson
Adjt. Yerex, Helen
Lieut. Lewis, Helen
Mrs. Brown, Nelson
Sister Coen, Dren
Mrs. Adjt. Blackbu
Capt. Charlton, Ve
Cadet McCormick
Capt. Miller, Revel
Sergt. Terryberry,
Mrs. Capt. Jackson
Sister Lorimer, Vie
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, G
Elsie Watson, Lew
Lieut. Basingstha
Sister ...
Capt. Tippet, Liv
Bro. Salak, Spok
Florie Pogue, Nel
Sergt. McCausland,
Sister Bushnell, Sp
Sister Riley, Spok
Cadet Lieut. Rickar
Sister Hodges, Wh

Territorial Tri

(Ghr)

Cadet M. Smith
Cadet A. Smith
Cadet Thornton
Cadet Thompson
Cadet Berry
Cadet Allen
Cadet Lighthous
Cadet Beckingham
Cadet Chieftain
Cadet McQuinn
Cadet Richards
(Boy)

6 Hustlers.

Cadet Wood
Cadet Smith
Cadet Skinner
Cadet Dunlop
Cadet Miller
Cadet Plummer

To Clean Ivory (the articles in cold water stand for twenty-four hours, remove from the water on some clean soft wipe them. Dry in window, and blow out remains in the car is allowed to stand colors it.



War Cry Sgt. Laybold, Bridgetown, N.S.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Tune—"My Jesus, I love Thee." N.B.B. 185.

Oh, boundless salvation! deep
Ocean of love!
Oh, fulness of mercy Christ
brought from above;
The whole world redeeming, so rich,
and so free.
Now flowing for all men, come roll
over me.

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing sea is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

My sins they are many, their stains
are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I
weep;
But useless is weeping, thou great
crimson sea,
Thy waves they can cleanse me, come,
roll over me.

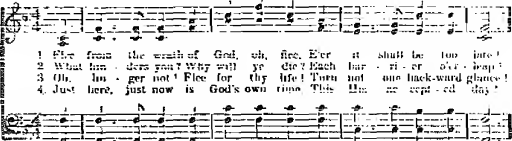
My life has been joyless and useless
for years;
I feel something better most surely
would be,
If once thy pure waters would roll
over me.
And now, hallelujah! the rest of my
days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His
praise
Who opened His bosom to pour out
this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and
for me.
The General.

Tune—"Dear Jesus, I long." B.J. 56.
S.M. I. 194.

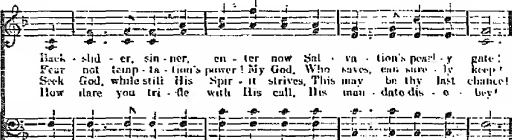
Lord, Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole,
I want Thee for ever to dwell in
my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every
foe.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

FLEE FROM THE WRATH OF GOD.

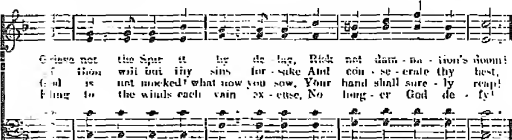
Words and Music by Commander Booth-Tucker.



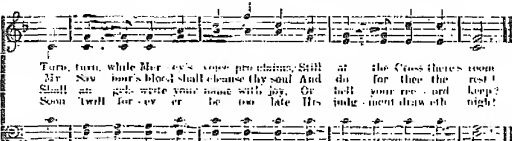
1 Flee from the wrath of God, oh, flee, for it shall be too late!
2 What then dost thou? Why wait, ye die? Each hour - ri - er - o'er - leap!
3 Oh, flee - ger not! Flee for thy life! Turn not one backward glance!
4 Just here, just now is God's own time. This time, this time, this time!



Back - slid - er, sin - ner, on - ter now! Sal - va - tion's pearl - y gate!
Fear not temp - ta - tion's power! My God, Who saves, can sure - ly keep!
Seek God, while still His Spir - it stirs, this may be thy last chance!
How dare you tri - de with His call, His man - dated dis - o - bey!



Greeds not the Spirit it by de - lay, Back not down - na - tion's doom!
For thou wilt cast thy sin - for - sake And con - se - crate thy lust,
(al - so) not mock'd what now you sow, Your hand shall sure - ly reap!
Fling to the winds each vain ex - cuse, No long - er God do - fy!



Turn, turn, while His voice's voice proclaims, Still at the Cross there's room
My sin - ner's blood shall cleanse thy soul And do for thee the best!
Shall an old - wife's word with joy, Or halt your re - pent - keep?
Soon 'twill for - ev - er be too late His judg - ment draw eth nigh!

Oh, ocean of mercy, oft longing I've
stood
On the banks of thy wonderful life-
giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-
cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching
its wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to
Save."
My faith's growing bolder—delivered
I'll be
I plunge beneath the waters: they roll
over me.

My tempers are fitful, my passions are
strong,
They bind my poor soul, and they
force me to wrong;
Beneath thy blest billows deliverance
I see,
Oh, come, mighty ocean, and roll over
me.

Now tossed with temptation, then
haunted with fears;

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy re-
main,
Apply Thine own blood and remove
every stain;
To get this blest washing I all things
forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, come down from Thy
throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sac-
rifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
crave,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet;

By faith for my cleansing I see Thy
blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Tune—"It was on the cross." B.J. 17.

3 When I survey the wondrous
cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me
most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Tune—"What's the news?" B.J. 12.

4 Thou Christ of burning, cleansing
flame,
Send the fire!
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim,
Send the fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost,
We want another Pentecost.
Send the fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry.
Send the fire!
Hark! make us fit to live or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!

'Tis fire we want, 'tis fire we plead,
Send the fire!
The fire will meet our every need,
Send the fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white,
Send the fire!

To make our weak hearts strong and
true,
Send the fire!
To live a dying world to save,
Send the fire!
Oh, see me on the altar lay,
My life, my all, this very day,
To crown the offering now we pray.
Send the fire!

The General.

Tune—"Traveling home." R.B. 7.
N.B.B. 125.

5 We're traveling home to heaven
above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful
shore,
Their trials and their labors o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
more.
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of
light, etc.,
Far, far from death, and curse, and
night, etc.,
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall
bear,
And all the joys of heaven share, etc.

We're going to see the Bleeding Lamb,
etc.,
In rapturous songs to praise His name,
etc.,
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning ever gone, etc.

The way to heaven is straight and
plain, etc.,
Repent, believe, be born again, etc.,
The sinner's cry aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt! My salvation see," etc.

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go."
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go."

Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert	27
Lieut. Mansell, Schikrik	26
Lieut. Eastman, Fargo	26
Capt. Hardy, Emerson	25
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	25
Jessie Scott, Winnipeg	25
Lieut. Gunter, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. Nuttall, Larimore	22
Mrs. Montgomery, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Meron, Neepawa	20
Lieut. Gardiner, Hannah	20
Capt. Floss, Fort William	20

Pacific Province.

Sister Wright, Victoria	191
Cadet Robinson, Billings	120
Capt. Gain, Missoula	116
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	110
Cadet Kaudson, Butte	110
Capt. Darrach, Whatcom	110
Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	105
Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	97
Adj. Stevens, Vancouver	95
Lizette Hawkins, Great Falls	90
Lieut. Johnson, Greenwood	90
Ensign Scott, Everett	71
Mrs. Adj. Nelson, Rossland	68
Adj. Yerex, Helena	65
Lieut. Lewis, Helena	59
Sister Cook, Everett	58
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Nelson	55
Capt. Charlton, Vancouver	50
Cadet McCormick, Revelstoke	50
Capt. Miller, Revelstoke	48
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	45
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	40
Sister Lorimer, Victoria	40
Mrs. Adj. Ayne, Great Falls	30
Ensign Watson, Lewiston	30
Lieut. Bassinghwaite, Living-	29
ston	29
Capt. Tippet, Livingston	29
Pro. Salak, Spokane	28
Florrie Pogue, Nelson	25
Sergt. McCauland, Spokane	25
Sister Bushnell, Spokane	22
Sister Riley, Spokane	22
Cadet Lieut. Rickard, Dillon	21
Sister Hodges, Whatcom	20

Territorial Training Home.

(Girls.)

Cadet M. Smith	34
Cadet A. Smith	31
Cadet Thornton	29
Cadet Thompson	26
Cadet Berry	26
Cadet Allen	26
Cadet Lightbourne	25
Cadet Beckingham	23
Cadet Chislett	23
Cadet McQuinn	20
Cadet Richards	20

(Boys.)

Cadet Wood	30
Cadet Smith	28
Cadet Skinner	23
Cadet Dunlop	20
Cadet Miller	20
Cadet Plummer	20

To Clean Ivory Ornaments.—Place
the articles in cold water, and let them
stand for twenty-four hours. Then
remove from the water and lay them
on some clean soft rag, but do not
wipe them. Dry in the open air by a
window, and blow out any water that
remains in the carving. If water
is allowed to stand on the ivory it dis-
colors it.

